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HUDIBRAS

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER



TOM. I. II

Non deerint fortasse vitilitigatores, qui calumniantur, partim leviores
esse nugas, quam ut Theologum deceant, partim mordaciores, quam
ut christianæ convenient modestiæ.

Erasm. Moræ encom. præfat.

LONDON

PRINTED by T. RICKABY

MDCCXCIII

HUDIBRAS,
A POEM,
IN THREE CANTOS.

BY
SAMUEL BUTLER.

VOL. I. PART I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. RICKABY,
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O N

SAMUEL BUTLER, Esq.

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

THE life of a retired scholar can furnish but little matter to the biographer: such was the character of Mr. Samuel Butler, Author of Hudibras. His father, whose name likewise was Samuel, had an estate of his own of about ten pounds yearly, which still goes by the name of Butler's Tenement, a Vignette of which may be seen in the Title-page of the first Volume: he held, likewise, an estate of three hundred pounds a year under Sir William Ruffell, Lord of the manor of Strensham, in Worcestershire.* He was not an ignorant farmer, but wrote a very clerk-like hand, kept the register, and managed all the business of the parish under the direc-

* This information came from Mr. Gresley, Rector of Strensham, from the year 1706 to the year 1773, when he died, aged 100: so that he was born seven years before the poet died.

tion of his landlord, near whose house he lived, and from whom, very probably, he and his family received instruction and assistance. From his landlord they imbibed their principles of royalty, as Sir William was a most zealous royalist, and spent great part of his fortune in the cause, being the only person exempted from the benefit of the treaty, when Worcester surrendered to the parliament in the year 1646. Our poet's father was churchwarden of the parish the year before his son Samuel was born, and has entered his baptism, dated February 8, 1612, with his own hand, in the parish register. He had four sons and three daughters, born at Strensham; the three daughters, and one son, older than our poet, and two sons younger: none of his descendants remain in the parish, though some of them are said to be in the neighbouring villages.

Our author received his first rudiments of learning at home; he was afterwards sent to the College School at Worcester, then taught by Mr. Henry Bright*, prebendary of

* Mr. Bright is buried in the cathedral church of Worcester, near the north pillar, at the foot of the steps which lead to the choir. He was born 1562, appointed schoolmaster 1586, made prebendary 1619, died 1626. The inscription in capitals, on a mural stone, now placed in what is called the Bishop's Chapel, is as follows:

Mane hospes et lege,
Magister HENRICUS BRIGHT,
Celeberrimus gymnasiarcha,
Qui scholæ regię istic fundatæ per totos 40 annos
summa cum laude præfuit,

that cathedral, a celebrated scholar, and many years the famous master of the King's School there; one who made his business his delight; and, though in very easy circumstances, continued to teach for the sake of doing good, by benefiting the families of the neighbouring gentlemen, who thought themselves happy in having their sons instructed by him.

Quo non alter magis sedulus fuit, scitufve, ac dexter,
 in Latinis Græcis Hebraicis litteris,
 feliciter edocendis:
 Teste utraq; academia quam instruxit affatim
 numerosa plebe literaria:
 Sed et totidem annis eoq; amplius theologiam professus,
 Et hujus ecclesiæ per septennium canonicus major,
 Sæpissime hic et alibi sacrum dei præconem
 magno cum zelo et fructu egit.
 Vir pius, doctus, integer, frugi, de republica
 deq; ecclesia optime meritus.
 A laboribus per diu noctuq; ab anno 1562
 Ad 1626 strenue usq; exantlatis
 4^o Martii suaviter requievit
 in Domino.

See this epitaph, written by Dr. Joseph Hall, Dean of Worcester, in Fuller's Worthies, p. 177.

I have endeavoured to revive the memory of this great and good teacher, wishing to excite a laudable emulation in our provincial schoolmasters; a race of men, who, if they execute their trust with abilities, industry, and in a proper manner, deserve the highest honour and patronage their country can bestow, as they have an opportunity of communicating learning, at a moderate expence, to the middle rank of gentry, without the danger of ruining their fortunes, and corrupting their morals or their health: this, though foreign to my present purpose, the respect and affection I bear to my neighbours extorted from me.

How long Mr. Butler continued under his care is not known, but, probably, till he was fourteen years old. Whether he was ever entered at any university is uncertain. His biographer says he went to Cambridge, but was never matriculated: Wood, on the authority of Butler's brother, says, the poet spent six or seven years there*; but as other things are quoted from the same authority, which I believe to be false, I should very much suspect the truth of this article. Some expressions, in his works, look as if he were acquainted with the customs of Oxford. Courting was a term peculiar to that university; see Part iii. c. ii. v. 1244.

Returning to his native country, he entered into the service of Thomas Jefferies, Esquire, of Earls Croombe, who, being a very active justice of the peace, and a leading man in the business of the province; his clerk was in no mean office, but one that required a knowledge of the law and constitution of his country, and a proper behaviour to men of every rank and occupation: besides, in those times, before the roads were made good, and short visits so much in fashion, every large family was a community within itself: the upper servants, or retainers, being often the younger sons of gentlemen, were treated as friends, and the whole family dined in one common hall, and had a lecturer or

* His residing in the neighbourhood might, perhaps, occasion the idea of his having been at Cambridge.

clerk, who, during meal times, read to them some useful or entertaining book.

Mr. Jefferies's family was of this sort, situated in a retired part of the country, surrounded by bad roads, the master of it residing constantly in Worcestershire. Here Mr. Butler had the advantage of living some time in the neighbourhood of his own family and friends: and having leisure for indulging his inclinations for learning, he probably improved himself very much, not only in the abstruser branches of it, but in the polite arts: here he studied painting, in the practice of which indeed his proficiency was but moderate; for I recollect seeing at Earls Croombe in my youth, some portraits said to be painted by him, which did him no great honour as an artist.* I have heard, lately, of a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, said to be painted by our author.

* In his MS. common-place book is the following observation:

It is more difficult, and requires a greater mastery of art in painting, to foreshorten a figure exactly, than to draw three at their just length; so it is, in writing, to express any thing naturally and briefly, than to enlarge and dilate:

And therefore a judicious author's blots
Are more ingenious than his first free thoughts.

This, and many other passages from Butler's MSS. are inserted, not so much for their intrinsic merit, as to please those who are unwilling to lose one drop of that immortal man; as Garrick says of Shakespear,

It is my pride, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man.

After continuing some time in this service, he was recommended to Elizabeth Countess of Kent, who lived at Wrotham, in Bedfordshire. Here he enjoyed a literary retreat during great part of the civil wars, and here probably laid the groundwork of his *Hudibras*, as he had the benefit of a good collection of books, and the society of that living library, the learned Selden.—His biographers say, he lived also in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, of Cople Hoo Farm, or Wood End, in that county, and that from him he drew the character of *Hudibras**: but such a prototype was not rare in those times. We hear little more of Mr. Butler till after the Restoration: perhaps, as Mr. Selden was left executor to the Countess, his employment in her affairs might not cease at her death, though one might suspect by Butler's MSS. and Remains, that his friendship with that great man was not

* The Lukes were an ancient family at Cople, three miles south of Bedford: in the church are many monuments to the family: an old one to the memory of Sir Walter Luke, Knight, one of the justices of the pleas, holden before the most excellent prince King Henry the Eighth, and Dame Anne his wife: another in remembrance of Nicholas Luke, and his wife, with five sons and four daughters.

On a flat stone in the chancel is written,

Here lieth the body of George Luke, Esq. he departed this life Feb. 10, 1732, aged 74 years, the last Luke of Wood End.

Sir Samuel Luke was a rigid presbyterian, and not an eminent commander under Oliver Cromwell; probably did not approve of the king's trial and execution, and therefore, with other presbyterians, both he and his father Sir Oliver were among the secluded members. See Rushworth's collections.

without interruption, for his fatirical wit could not be restrained from displaying itself on some particularities in the character of that eminent scholar.

Lord Dorset is said to have first introduced Hudibras to court.—November 11, 1662, the author obtained an imprimatur, signed J. Berkenhead, for printing his poem; accordingly in the following year he published the first part, containing 125 pages. Sir Roger L'Estrange granted an imprimatur for the second part of Hudibras, by the author of the first, November 5, 1663, and it was printed by T. R. for John Martin, 1664.

In the *Mercurius aulicus*, a ministerial newspaper, from January 1, to January 8, 1662, quarto, is an advertisement saying, that, “there is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem called Hudibras, without name either of printer or bookseller, the true and perfect edition, printed by the author’s original, is sold by Richard Marriott, near St. Dunstan’s church, in Fleet-street, that other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer, as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands.” Probably many other editions were soon after printed: but the first and second parts, with notes to both parts, were printed for J. Martin and H. Herringman, octavo, 1674. The last edition of the third part, before the

author's death, was printed by the same persons in 1678: this I take to be the last copy corrected by himself, and is that from which this edition is in general printed: the third part had no notes put to it during the author's life, and who furnished them after his death is not known.

In the British Museum is the original injunction by authority, signed John Berkenhead, forbidding any printer, or other person whatsoever to print *Hudibras*, or any part thereof, without the consent or approbation of Samuel Butler (or Boteler) Esq.* or his assignees, given at Whitehall, 10 September 1677; copy of this injunction may be seen in the note †.

* Induced by this injunction, and by the office he held as secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of Wales, I have ventured to call our poet Samuel Butler, Esq.

† CHARLES R.

Our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command, that no printer, bookseller, stationer, or other person whatsoever within our kingdom of England or Ireland, do print, reprint, utter or sell, or cause to be printed, re-printed, uttered or sold, a book or poem called *HUDIBRAS*, or any part thereof, without the consent and approbation of Samuel Boteler, Esq. or his assignees, as they and every of them will answer the contrary at their perils. Given at our Court at Whitehall, the tenth day of September, in the year of our Lord God 1677, and in the 29th year of our reign,

By His Majesty's command,

J^o. BERKENHEAD.

Miscel. Papers, Mus. Brit. Bibl. Birch, No. 4293.

Plut. 11. J. original.

It was natural to suppose, that after the restoration, and the publication of his Hudibras, our poet should have appeared in public life, and have been rewarded for the eminent service his poem did to the royal cause ; but his innate modesty, and studious turn of mind, prevented solicitations : never having tasted the idle luxuries of life, he did not make to himself needless wants, or pine after imaginary pleasures : his fortune, indeed, was small, and so was his ambition ; his integrity of life, and modest temper, rendered him contented. However, there is good authority for believing that at one time he was gratified with an order on the treasury for 300*l.* which is said to have passed all the offices without payment of fees, and this gave him an opportunity of displaying his disinterested integrity, by conveying the entire sum immediately to a friend, in trust for the use of his creditors. Dr. Zachary Pearce,* on the authority of Mr. Lowndes of the Treasury, asserts, that Mr. Butler received from Charles the second an annual pension of 100*l.* : add to this, he was appointed secretary to the lord president of the principality of Wales, and, about the year 1667, steward of Ludlow castle. With all this, the court was thought to have been guilty of a glaring neglect in his case, and the public were scandalized

* See Granger's Biographical History of England, octavo, vol. iv. p. 40.

at the ingratitude. The indigent poets, who have always claimed a prescriptive right to live on the munificence of their contemporaries, were the loudest in their remonstrances. Dryden, Oldham, and Otway, while in appearance they complained of the unrewarded merits of our author, obliquely lamented their private and particular grievances; Πατρικλον προφασιν, σφων δ' αὐτων κηδε' εκασος;* or, as Sallust says, nulli Mortalium injuriæ suæ parvæ videntur. Mr. Butler's own sense of the disappointment, and the impression it made on his spirits, are sufficiently marked by the circumstance of his having twice transcribed the following distich with some variation in his MS. common-place book.

To think how Spencer died, how Cowley mourn'd,
How Butler's faith and service were return'd.†

In the same MS. he says, "wit is very chargeable, and not to be maintained in its necessary expences at an ordinary rate: it is the worst trade in the world to live upon, and a commodity that no man thinks he has need of, for those who have least believe they have most."

* Homer Iliad, 19. 302.

† I am aware of a difficulty that may be started, that the Tragedy of Constantine the Great, to which Otway wrote the prologue, according to Giles Jacob in his poetical Register, was not acted at the Theatre Royal till 1684, four years after our poet's death, but probably he had seen the MS. or heard the thought, as both his MSS. differ somewhat from the printed copy.

— Ingenuity and wit
 Do only make the owners fit
 For nothing, but to be undone
 Much easier than if th' had none.

Mr. Butler spent some time in France, probably when Lewis XIV. was in the height of his glory and vanity : however, neither the language nor manners of Paris were pleasing to our modest poet ; some of his observations may be amusing, I shall therefore insert them in a note.* He married Mrs. Herbert, whether she was a widow, or not, is uncertain ; with her he expected a considerable fortune, but, through various losses, and knavery, he found himself disap-

* “The French use so many words, upon all occasions, that if they did not cut them short in pronunciation, they would grow tedious, and insufferable.

“They infinitely affect rhyme, though it becomes their language the worst in the world, and spoils the little sense they have to make room for it, and make the same syllable rhyme to itself, which is worse than metal upon metal in heraldry : they find it much easier to write plays in verse than in prose, for it is much harder to imitate nature, than any deviation from her ; and prose requires a more proper and natural sense and expression than verse, that has something in the stamp and coin to answer for the alloy and want of intrinsic value. I never came among them, but the following line was in my mind :

Raucaq; garrulitas, studiumq; inane loquendi ;

For they talk so much, they have not time to think ; and if they had all the wit in the world, their tongues would run before it.

“The present king of France is building a most stately triumphal arch in memory of his victories, and the great actions which he has performed : but, if I am not mistaken, those edifices which bear that name at Rome, were not raised by the emperors whose names they bear (such as Trajan, Titus, &c.) but were decreed by the Senate, and built at the expence of the public ; for that glory is lost, which any man designs to consecrate to himself.

pointed: to this some have attributed his severe strictures upon the professors of the law; but if his censures be properly considered, they will be found to bear hard only upon the disgraceful part of each profession, and upon false learning in general: this was a favourite subject with him, but no man had a greater regard for, or was a better judge of the worthy part of the three learned professions, or learning in general, than Mr. Butler.

How long he continued in office, as steward of Ludlow Castle, is not known; but he lived the latter part of his life

“ The king takes a very good course to weaken the city of Paris by adorning of it, and to render it less, by making it appear greater and more glorious; for he pulls down whole streets to make room for his palaces and public structures.

“ There is nothing great or magnificent in all the country, that I have seen, but the buildings and furniture of the king’s houses and the churches; all the rest is mean and paltry.

“ The king is necessitated to lay heavy taxes upon his subjects in his own defence, and to keep them poor, in order to keep them quiet; for if they are suffered to enjoy any plenty, they are naturally so insolent, that they would become ungovernable, and use him as they have done his predecessors: but he has rendered himself so strong, that they have no thoughts of attempting any thing in his time.

“ The churchmen overlook all other people as haughtily as the churches and steeples do private houses.

“ The French do nothing without ostentation, and the king himself is not behind with his triumphal arches consecrated to himself, and his imprefs of the sun, *nec pluribus impar*.

“ The French king having copies of the best pictures from Rome, is as a great prince wearing clothes at second hand: the king in his prodigious charge of buildings and furniture does the same thing to himself that he means to do by Paris, renders himself weaker, by endeavouring to appear the more magnificent: lets go the substance for shadow.”

in Rose-street, Covent Garden, in a studious retired manner, and died there in the year 1680.—He is said to have been buried at the expence of Mr. William Longueville, though he did not die in debt.

Some of his friends wished to have interred him in Westminster Abbey with proper solemnity ; but not finding others willing to contribute to the expence, his corpse was deposited privately in the yard belonging to the church of Saint Paul's Covent Garden, at the west end of the said yard, on the north side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway.* I have been thus particular, because, in the year 1786, when the church was repaired, a marble monument was placed on the south side of the church on the inside, by some of the parishioners, which might tend to mislead posterity as to the place of his interment : their zeal for the memory of the learned poet does them honour ; but the writer of the verses seems to have mistaken the character of Mr. Butler. The inscription runs thus,

“ This little monument was erected in the year 1786, by
“ some of the parishioners of Covent Garden, in memory of

* See Butler's Life, printed before the small edition of Hudibras, in 1710, and reprinted by Dr. Grey.

“ the celebrated Samuel Butler, who was buried *in this church*,
 “ A. D. 1680.

“ A few plain men, to pomp and state unknown,
 “ O'er a poor bard have rais'd this humble stone,
 “ Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,
 “ Victim of zeal ! the matchless Hudibras !
 “ What though fair freedom suffer'd in his page,
 “ Reader, forgive the author for the age !
 “ How few, alas ! disdain to cringe and cant,
 “ When 'tis the mode to play the sycophant.
 “ But, oh ! let all be taught, from Butler's fate,
 “ Who hope to make their fortunes by the great,
 “ That wit and pride are always dangerous things,
 “ And little faith is due to courts and kings.”

In the year 1721, John Barber, an eminent printer, and alderman of London, erected a monument to our poet in Westminster Abbey, the inscription as follows :

M. S.

Samuelis Butler

Qui Strenshamiae in agro Vigorn natus 1612,

Obiit Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer,
 Operibus ingenii non item præmiis felix.
 Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius,
 Qui simulatae religionis larvam detraxit
 Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit,
 Scriptorum in suo genere primus et postremus.

Ne cui vivo deerant fere omnia
 Deesset etiam mortuo tumulus
 Hoc tandem posito marmore curavit
 Johannes Barber civis Londinensis 1721.

On the latter part of this epitaph the ingenious Mr. Samuel Wesley wrote the following lines:

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
 No generous patron would a dinner give ;
 See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust.
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
 He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

Soon after this monument was erected in Westminster Abbey, some persons propos'd to erect one in Covent Garden church, for which Mr. Dennis wrote the following inscription :

Near this place lies interr'd
 The body of Mr. Samuel Butler,
 Author of Hudibras.
 He was a whole species of poets in one :
 Admirable in a manner
 In which no one else has been tolerable :
 A manner which begun and ended in him,
 In which he knew no guide,
 And has found no followers.
 Nat. 1612. Ob. 1680.

Hudibras is Mr. Butler's capital work, and though the characters, poems, thoughts, &c. published by Mr. Thyer, in two volumes octavo, are certainly wrote by the same masterly hand, though they abound with lively fallies of wit, and display a copious variety of erudition, yet the nature of the subjects, their not having received the author's last corrections, and many other reasons which might be given, render them less acceptable to the present taste of the public, which no longer relishes the antiquated mode of writing characters, cultivated when Butler was young, by men of genius, such as Bishop Earle and Mr. Cleveland; the volumes, however, are very useful, as they tend to illustrate many passages in Hudibras. The three small ones entitled, *Posthumous Works, in Prose and Verse*, by Mr. Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, printed 1715, 1716, 1717, are all spurious, except the Pindaric ode on Duval the highwayman, and perhaps one or two of the prose pieces. As to the MSS. which after Mr. Butler's death came into the hands of Mr. Longueville, and from whence Mr. Thyer published his genuine Remains in the year 1759; what remain of them, still unpublished, are either in the hands of the ingenious Doctor Farmer, of Cambridge, or myself: for Mr. Butler's *Common-place Book*, mentioned by Mr. Thyer, I am indebted to the liberal and public spirited James Maffey, Esq. of

Rofthern, near Knotsford, Cheshire. The poet's frequent and correct use of law terms * is a sufficient proof that he was well versed in that science ; but if further evidence were wanting, I can produce a MS. purchased of some of our poet's relations, at the Hay, in Brecknockshire : it appears to be a collection of legal cases and principles, regularly related from Lord Coke's Commentary on Littleton's Tenures : the language is Norman, or law French, and, in general, an abridgment of the above-mentioned celebrated work ; for the authorities in the margin of the MS. correspond exactly with those given on the same positions in the first institute ; and the subject matter contained in each particular section of Butler's legal tract, is to be found in the same numbered section of Coke upon Littleton : the first book of the MS. likewise ends with the 84th section, which same number of sections also terminates the first institute ; and the second book of the MS. is entitled by Butler, *Le second livre del primer part del institutes de ley d'Engleterre*. The titles of the respective chapters of the MS. also precisely agree with the titles of each chapter in Coke upon Littleton ; it may, therefore, reasonably be presumed to have been compiled by Butler solely from Coke upon Littleton, with no other object than to impress strongly on his mind the sense of that author ; and written in Norman, to familiarize himself with

* Butler is said to have been a member of Grey's-inn, and of a club with Cleveland and other wits inclined to the royal cause.

the barbarous language in which the learning of the common law of England was at that period almost uniformly expressed. The MS. is imperfect, no title existing, some leaves being torn, and is continued only to the 193d section, which is about the middle of Coke's second book of the first institute.

As another instance of the poet's great industry, I have a French dictionary, compiled and transcribed by him: thus did our ancestors, with great labour, draw truth and learning out of deep wells, whereas our modern scholars only skim the surface, and pilfer a superficial knowledge from encyclopædies and reviews. It doth not appear that he ever wrote for the stage, though I have, in his MS. common-place book, part of an unfinished tragedy, entitled *Nero*.

Concerning *Hudibras* there is but one sentiment—it is universally allowed to be the first and last poem of its kind; the learning, wit, and humour, certainly stand unrivalled: various have been the attempts to define or describe the two last; the greatest English writers have tried in vain, Cowley*, Barrow†, Dryden‡, Lock§, Addison||, Pope¶,

* In his Ode on Wit, † in his Sermon against foolish Talking and Jestings, ‡ in his Preface to an Opera called the State of Innocence, § Essay on Human Understanding, b. ii. c. 2. || Spectator, No. 35 and 32. ¶ Essay concerning humour in Comedy, and Corbyn Morris's Essay on Wit, Humour, and Raillery.

and Congreve, all fail'd in their attempts ; perhaps they are more to be felt than explained, and to be understood rather from example than precept : if any one wishes to know what wit and humour are, let him read Hudibras with attention, he will there see them displayed in the brightest colours : there is lustre resulting from the quick elucidation of an object, by a just and unexpected arrangement of it with another subject : propriety of words, and thoughts elegantly adapted to the occasion : objects which possess an affinity and congruity, or sometimes a contrast to each other, assembled with quickness and variety ; in short, every ingredient of wit, or of humour, which critics have discovered on dissecting them, may be found in this poem. The reader may congratulate himself, that he is not destitute of taste to relish both, if he can read it with delight ; nor would it be presumption to transfer to this capital author, Quintilian's enthusiastic praise of a great Antient : *hunc igitur spectemus, hoc propositum sit nobis exemplum, ille se profecisse sciat cui Cicero valde placebit.*

Hudibras is to an epic poem, what a good farce is to a tragedy ; persons advanced in years generally prefer the former, having met with tragedies enough in real life ; whereas the comedy, or interlude, is a relief from anxious and disgusting reflections, and suggests such playful

ideas, as wanton round the heart and enliven the very features.

The hero marches out in search of adventures, to suppress those sports, and punish those trivial offences, which the vulgar among the royalists were fond of, but which the presbyterians and independents abhorred; and which our hero, as a magistrate of the former persuasion, thought it his duty officially to suppress. The diction is that of burlesque poetry, painting low and mean persons and things in pompous language, and a magnificent manner, or sometimes levelling sublime and pompous passages to the standard of low imagery. The principal actions of the poem are four: Hudibras's victory over Crowdero—Trulla's victory over Hudibras—Hudibras's victory over Sidrophel—and the Widow's antimasquerade: the rest is made up of the adventures of the Bear, of the Skimmington, Hudibras's conversations with the Lawyer and Sidrophel, and his long disputations with Ralpho and the Widow. The verse consists of eight syllables, or four feet, a measure which, in unskilful hands, soon becomes tiresome, and will ever be a dangerous snare to meaner and less masterly imitators.

The Scotch, the Irish, the American Hudibras, are not worth mentioning: the translation into French, by an Englishman, is curious; it preserves the sense, but cannot keep up the humour. Prior seems to have come nearest

the original, though he is sensible of his own inferiority, and says,

But, like poor Andrew, I advance,
False mimic of my master's dance;
Around the cord a while I sprawl,
And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall.

His Alma is neat and elegant, and his versification superior to Butler's; but his learning, knowledge, and wit, by no means equal. Prior, as Dr. Johnson says, had not Butler's exuberance of matter, and variety of illustration. The spangles of wit which he could afford, he knew how to polish, but he wanted the bullion of his master. Hudibras, then, may truly be said to be the first and last satire of the kind; for if we examine Lucian's *Tragopodagra*, and other dialogues, the *Cæsars* of Julian, Seneca's *Apocolocyntosis*,* and some fragments of Varro, they will be found very different: the battle of the frogs and mice, commonly ascribed to Homer, and the *Margites*, generally allowed to be his, prove this species of poetry to be of great antiquity.

The inventor of the modern mock heroic was Alessandro Taffoni, born at Modena 1565. His *Secchia rapita*, or

* Or the mock deification of Claudius; a burlesque of Apotheosis, or Anathanatosis. Reimarus renders it, *non inter deos sed inter fatuos relatio*, and quotes a proverb from Apuleius, *Colocyntæ caput*, for a fool. Colocynta is metaphorically put for any thing unusually large. *ὄφθαλμος κολοκυντίζεις* in the clouds of Aristophanes, is to have the eye swelled by an obstruction as big as a gourd.

Rape of the Bucket, is founded on the popular account of the cause of the civil war between the inhabitants of Modena and Bologna, in the time of Frederic II. This bucket was long preserved, as a trophy, in the cathedral of Modena, suspended by the chain which fastened the gate of Bologna, through which the Modenese forced their passage, and seized the prize. It is written in the ottava Rima, the solemn measure of the Italian heroic poets, has gone through many editions, and been twice translated into French: it has, indeed, considerable merit, though the reader will scarcely see *Elena trasformasi in una secchia*. Taffoni travelled into Spain as first secretary to Cardinal Colonna, and died in an advanced age, in the court of Francis the First, duke of Modena: he was highly esteemed for his abilities and extensive learning; but, like Mr. Butler's, his wit was applauded, and unrewarded, as appears from a portrait of him, with a fig in his hand, under which is written the following distich:

*Dextra cur ficum quæris mea gestat inanem,
Longi operis merces hæc fuit, Aula dedit.*

The next successful imitators of the mock-heroic, have been Boileau, Garth, and Pope, whose respective works are too generally known, and too justly admired, to require, at this time, description or encomium. The *Pucelle d'Orleans* of Voltaire may be deemed an imitation of *Hudibras*, and is

written in somewhat the same metre ; but the latter, upon the whole, must be considered as an original species of poetry, a composition *fui generis*.

Unde nil majus generatur ipso ;
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

Hudibras has been compared to the *Satyre Menippée de la vertu du Catholicon d'Espagne*, first published in France in the year 1593 ; the subject indeed is somewhat similar, a violent civil war excited by religious zeal, and many good men made the dupes of state politicians. After the death of Henry III. of France, the Duke de Mayenne called together the states of the kingdom, to elect a successor, there being many pretenders to the crown ; these intrigues were the foundation of the *Satire Menippée*, so called from Menippus a cynic philosopher, and rough Satirist, introducer of the burlesque species of dialogue. In this work are unveil'd the different views, and interests of the several actors in those busy scenes, who, under the pretence of public good, consulted only their private advantage, passions and prejudices.

The book, which aims particularly at the Spanish party, * went through various editions, from its first publication to

* It is sometimes called *Higuero del infierno*, or the fig-tree of Hell, alluding to the violent part the Spaniards took in the civil wars of France, and in allusion to the title of Seneca's *Apocolocyntosis*. By this fig-tree the author perhaps means the wonderful bir or banian described by Milton.

The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan, spreads his arms,

Branching

1726, when it was printed at Ratifbone in three volumes, with copious notes and index : it is still studied by antiquaries with delight, and in its day was as much admired as *Hudibras*. D'aubigné says of it, il passe pour un chef d'œuvre en son gendre, & fut lue avec une egale avidité, & avec un plaisir marveilleux par les royalistes, par les politiques, par les Huguenots & par les ligueurs de toutes les especes.*

Mr. de Thou's character of it is equally to its advantage. The principal author is said to be Monsieur le Roy, sometime chaplain to the Cardinal de Bourbon, whom Thuanus calls *vir bonus, & a factione summè alienus*.

Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree; a pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.

Mr. Ines, in his journey from Persia, thus speaks of this wonderful vegetable : this is the Indian sacred tree, it grows to a prodigious height, and its branches spread a great way. The limbs drop down fibrous, which take root, and become another tree, united by its branches to the first, and so continue to do, until the tree cover a great extent of ground; the arches which those different stocks make are Gothick, like those we see in Westminster Abbey, the stocks not being single, but appearing as if composed of many stocks, are of a great circumference. There is a certain solemnity accompanying these trees, nor do I remember that I was ever under the cover of any of them, but that my mind was at the time impressed with a reverential awe. From hence it seems, that both these authors thought Gothic architecture similar to embowered rows of trees.

The Indian fig-tree is described as of an immense size, capable of shading 800 or 1000 men, and some of them 3000 persons. In Mr. Marsden's history of Sumatra, the following is an account of the dimensions of a remarkable banyan tree near Banjer, twenty miles west of Patna, in Bengal. Diameter 363 to 375 feet, circumference of its shadow at noon 1116 feet circumference of the several stems (in number 50 or 60) 911 feet.

* Henault says of this work, *Peut-etre que la satire Menippée ne fut guères moins utile à Henri IV. que la bataille d'Ivry : le ridicule a plus de force qu'on ne croit.*

This satire differs widely from our author's: like those of Varro, Seneca and Julian, it is a mixture of verse and prose, and though it contains much wit, and Mr. Butler had certainly read it with attention, yet he cannot be said to imitate it; the reader will perceive that our poet had in view Don Quixote, Spenser, the Italian poets, together with the Greek and Roman classics; but very rarely, if ever, alludes to Milton, though *Paradise lost* was published ten years before the third part of *Hudibras*.

Other sorts of burlesque have been published, such as the *carmina Macaronica*, the *epistolæ obscurorum Virorum*, Cotton's travesty, &c. but these are efforts of genius of no great importance. Many burlesque and satirical poems, and prose compositions, were published in France between the years 1593 and 1660, the authors of which were Rabelais, Scarron and others; the Cardinal is said to have severely felt the *Mazarenade*.

A popular song or poem has always had a wonderful effect; the following is an excellent one from *Æschylus*, sung at the battle of Salamis, at which he was present, and engaged in the Athenian Squadron.

—— Ω παῖδες Ἑλλήνων ἴτε,
ελευθερῶτε πατρίδ', ελευθερεῖτε δε

παιδας, γυναικας, Θεων τε πατρων εδη,
 θηκας τε προγονων· νυν υπερ παντων αγων.

Æsch. Persæ, l. 400.

The ode of Callistratus is supposed to have done eminent service, by commemorating the delivery, and preventing the return of that tyranny in Athens, which was happily terminated by the death of Hipparchus, and expulsion of the Pisistratidæ; I mean a song which was sung at their feasts beginning,

Εν μυστε κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω,
 Ωςπερ Αρμодиος κ' Αριστογειτων,
 Οτε τον τυραννον κτανετην,
 Ισονομης τ' Αθηνας εποιησατην,

And ending,

Αει σφων κλεος εσσεται κατ' αιαν,
 φιλταθ Αρμωδιε κ' Αριστογειτον,
 Οτε τον τυραννον κτανετον
 Ισονομης τ' Αθηνας εποιησατον.

Of this song the learned Lowth says, Si post idus illas Martias e Tyrannoctonis quispiam tale aliquod carmen plebi tradidisset, inque suburram, et fori circulos, & in ora vulgi intulisset, actum profecto fuisset de partibus deque dominatione Cæsarum: plus mehercule valuisset unum Αρμωδιε μελος

quam Ciceronis Philippicæ omnes; and again, Num verendum erat ne quis tyrannidem Pifistratidarum Athenis instaurare auderet, ubi cantitaretur Σκολιον illud Callistrati.—See also Ifraelitarum Επινικιον, Ifaiah chapter xiv.

Of this kind was the famous Irish song called Lilliburlero, which just before the revolution in 1688, had such an effect, that Burnet says, “a foolish ballad was made at that time, “treating the papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burthen said to be Irish words, “Loro loro lilliburlero, that made an impression on the “(king’s) army that cannot be imagined by those that saw “it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in “city and country, were singing it perpetually; and perhaps “never had so slight a thing so good an effect.” Of this kind in modern days was the song of God save great George our King, and the Ça ira of Paris. Thus wonderfully did Hudibras operate in beating down the hypocrisy, and false patriotism of his time, Mr. Hayley gives a character of him in four lines with great propriety;

“Unrival’d Butler! blest with happy skill
 “To heal by comic verse each serious ill,
 “By wit’s strong flashes reason’s light dispense,
 “And laugh a frantic nation into sense.”

For one great object of our poet’s satire is to unmask the hypocrite, and to exhibit, in a light at once odious and ridi-

culous, the presbyterians and independents, and all other sects, which in our poet's days amounted to near two hundred, and were enemies to the King ; but his further view was to banter all the false, and even all the suspicious pretences to learning that prevailed in his time, such as astrology, sympathetic medicine, alchymy, transfusion of blood, trifling experimental philosophy, fortune-telling, incredible relations of travellers, false wit and injudicious affectation of ornament to be found in the poets, romance writers, &c. thus he frequently alludes to Purchas's Pilgrim, Sir Kenelm Digby's books, Bulwar's Artificial Changeling, Brown's Vulgar Errors, Burton's Melancholy, the early transactions of the Royal Society, the various pamphlets and poems of his time, &c. &c. These books, though now little known, were much read and admired in our author's days. The adventure with the widow is introduced in conformity with other poets, both heroic and dramatic, who hold that no poem can be perfect which hath not at least one Episode of Love.

It is not worth while to enquire, if the characters painted under the fictitious names of Hudibras, Crowdero, Orfin, Talgal, Trulla, &c. were drawn from real life, or whether, Sir Roger L'Estrange's key to Hudibras be a true one, it matters not whether the hero were designed as the picture of Sir Samuel Luke, Col. Rolls, or Sir Henry Rosewell, he is, in the language of Dryden, knight of the Shire, and repre-

sents them all, that is, the whole body of the presbyterians, as Ralpho does that of the independents: it would be degrading the liberal spirit, and universal genius of Mr. Butler, to narrow his general satire to a particular libel on any characters, however marked and prominent. To a single rogue, or blockhead, he disdained to stoop; the vices and follies of the age in which he lived, (& quando uberior vitiorum copia) were the quarry at which he fled: these he concentrated, and embodied in the persons of Hudibras, Ralpho, Sidrophel, &c. so that each character in this admirable poem should be considered, not as an individual, but as a species.

It is not generally known, that meanings still more remote and chimerical than mere personal allusions, have been discovered in Hudibras; and the poem would have wanted one of those marks which distinguish works of superior merit, if it had not been supposed to be a perpetual allegory: writers of eminence, Homer, Plato, and even the holy Scriptures themselves, have been most wretchedly misrepresented by commentators of this cast; and it is astonishing to observe to what a degree Heraclides* and

* The *Allegoriæ Homericæ*, Gr. Lat. published by Dean Gale, Amst. 1688, though usually ascribed to Heraclides Ponticus, the Platonist, must be the work of a more recent author, as the Dean has proved: his real name seems to have been Heraclitus (not the philosopher), and nothing more is known of him, but that Eustathius often cites him in his comment

Proclus*, Philo† and Origen, have lost sight of their usual good sense, when they have allowed themselves to depart from the obvious and literal meaning of the text, which they pretend to explain. Thus some have thought that the hero of the piece was intended to represent the parliament, especially that part of it which favoured the presbyterian discipline ; when in the stocks, he personates the presbyterians after they had lost their power ; his first exploit is against the bear, whom he routs, which represents the parliament getting the better of the king ; after this great victory, he courts a widow for her jointure, that is the riches and power of the kingdom ; being scorned by her, he retires, but the revival of hope to the royalists draws forth both him, and his squire, a little before Sir George Booth's insurrection. Magnano, Cerdon, Talgal, &c. though described as butchers, cobblers, tinkers,

on Homer : the tract, however, is elegant and agreeable, and may be read with improvement and pleasure.

* Proclus, the most learned philosopher of the fifth century, left among other writings numerous comments on Plato's works still subsisting, so stuffed with allegorical absurdities, that few who have perused two periods, will have patience to venture on a third. In this, he only follows the example of Atticus, and many others, whose interpretations, as wild as his own, he carefully examines. He sneers at the famous Longinus with much contempt, for adhering too servilely to the literal meaning of Plato.

† Philo, the Jew, discovered many mystical senses in the Pentateuch, and from him, perhaps, Origen learned his unhappy knack of allegorizing both Old and New Testament.—This, in justice, however, is due to Origen, that while he is hunting after abstruse senses, he doth not neglect the literal, but is sometimes happy in his criticisms.

were designed as officers in the parliament army, whose original professions, perhaps, were not much more noble : some have imagined Magnano to be the duke of Albemarle, and his getting thistles from a barren land, to allude to his power in Scotland, especially after the defeat of Booth. Trulla his wife, Crowdero Sir George Booth, whose bringing in of Bruin alludes to his endeavours to restore the king : his oaken leg, called the better one, is the king's cause, his other leg the presbyterian discipline ; his fiddle-case, which in sport they hung as a trophy on the whipping-post, the directory. Ralpho, they say, represents the parliament of independents, called Barebones Parliament ; Bruin is sometimes the royal person, sometimes the king's adherents : Orfin represents the royal party—Talgol the city of London—Colon the bulk of the people : all these joining together against the knight, represent Sir George Booth's conspiracy, with presbyterians and royalists, against the parliament : their overthrow, through the assistance of Ralph, means the defeat of Booth by the assistance of the independents and other fanatics. These ideas are, perhaps, only the frenzy of a wild imagination, though there may be some lines that seem to favour the conceit.

Dryden and Addison have censured Butler for his double rhymes ; the latter no where argues worse than upon this subject : “ If,” says he, “ the thought in the couplet be good,

“ the rhymes add little to it ; and if bad, it will not be in
“ the power of rhyme to recommend it ; I am afraid that
“ great numbers of those who admire the incomparable
“ Hudibras, do it more on account of these doggrel rhymes,
“ than the parts that really deserve admiration.”* This
reflection affects equally all sorts of rhyme, which certainly
can add nothing to the sense ; but double rhymes are like
the whimsical drefs of harlequin, which does not add to his
wit, but sometimes encreases the humour and drollery of it :
they are not sought for, but, when they come easily, are
always diverting : they are so seldom found in Hudibras,
as hardly to be an object of censure, especially as the dic-
tion and the rhyme both suit well with the character of the
hero.

It must be allowed that our poet doth not exhibit his
hero with the dignity of Cervantes ; but the principal fault
of the poem is, that the parts are unconnected, and the
story not interesting : the reader may leave off without being
anxious for the fate of his hero ; he sees only disjecti
membra poetæ ; but we should remember, that the parts
were published at long intervals,† and that several of the dif-
ferent cantos were designed as satires on different subjects or
extravagancies. What the judicious Abbé du Bos has said

* Spect. No. 60.

† The Epistle to Sidrophel, not till many years after the canto to which it is annexed.

respecting Ariosto, may be true of Butler, that, in comparison with him, Homer is a geometrician : the poem is seldom read a second time, often not a first in regular order ; that is, by passing from the first canto to the second, and so on in succession. Spencer, Ariosto, and Butler, did not live in an age of planning ; the last imitated the former poets—" his poetry is the careless exuberance of a witty imagination and great learning."

Fault has likewise been found, and perhaps justly, with the too frequent elisions, the harshness of the numbers, and the leaving out the signs of our substantives ; his inattention to grammar and syntax, which, in some passages, may have contributed to obscure his meaning, as the perplexity of others arises from the amazing fruitfulness of his imagination, and extent of his reading. Most writers have more words than ideas, and the reader wastes much pains with them, and gets little information or amusement. Butler, on the contrary, has more ideas than words, his wit and learning crowd so fast upon him, that he cannot find room or time to arrange them ; hence his periods become sometimes embarrassed and obscure, and his dialogues are too long. Our poet has been charged with obscenity, evil-speaking, and profaneness ; but satirists will take liberties. Juvenal, and that elegant poet Horace, must plead his cause, so far as the accusation is well founded.

Some apology may be necessary, or expected, when a person advanced in years, and without the proper qualifications, shall undertake to publish, and comment upon, one of the most learned and ingenious writers in our language; and, if the editor's true and obvious motives will not avail to excuse him, he must plead guilty. The frequent pleasure and amusement he had received from the perusal of the poem, naturally bred a respect for the memory and character of the author, which is further endeared to him, by a local relation to the county, and to the parish, so highly honoured by the birth of Mr. Butler. These considerations induced him to attempt an edition, more pompous perhaps, and expensive, than was necessary, but not too splendid for the merit of the work. While Shakespear, Milton, Waller, Pope, and the rest of our English classics, appear with every advantage that either printing or criticism can supply, why should not Hudibras share those ornaments at least with them which may be derived from the present improved state of typography and paper? Some of the dark allusions, in Hudibras, to history, voyages, and the abstruser parts of what was then called learning, the author himself was careful to explain, in a series of notes to the two first parts; for the annotations to the third part, as has been before observed, do not seem to come from the same hand. In most other respects, the poem may be presumed to have been

tolerably clear to the ordinary class of readers at its first publication : but, in a course of years, the unavoidable fluctuations of language, the difuse of customs then familiar, and the oblivion which hath stolen on facts and characters then commonly known, have superinduced an obscurity on several passages of the work, which did not originally belong to it. The principal, if not the sole view, of the annotations now offered to the public, hath been to remove these difficulties, and point out some of the passages in the Greek and Roman authors to which the poet alludes, in order to render Hudibras more intelligible to persons of the commentator's level, men of middling capacity, and limited information. To such, if his remarks shall be found useful and acceptable, he will be content, though they should appear trifling in the estimation of the more learned.

It is extraordinary, that for above an hundred and twenty years, only one commentator hath furnished notes of any considerable length. Doctor Grey had various friends, particularly Bishop Warburton, Mr. Byron and several gentlemen of Cambridge, who communicated to him learned and ingenious observations: these have been occasionally adopted without scruple, have been abridged, or enlarged, or altered, as best consisted with a plan, somewhat different from the doctor's ; but in such a manner as to preclude any other than

a general acknowledgment from the infinite perplexity that a minute and particular reference to them, at every turn, would occasion ; nor has the editor been without the assistance of his friends.

It is well known in Worcesterſhire, that long before the appearance of Doctor Grey's edition, a learned and worthy clergyman of that county, after reading *Hudibras* with attention, had compiled a ſet of obſervations, with deſign to reprint the poem, and to ſubjoin his own remarks. By the friendſhip of his deſcendants, the preſent publiſher hath been favoured with a ſight of thoſe papers, and though, in commenting on the ſame work, the annotator muſt unavoidably have coincided with, and been anticipated by Doctor Grey in numerous inſtances, yet much original information remained, of which a free and unreferved uſe hath been made in the following ſheets ; but he is forbid any further acknowledgment.

He is likewiſe much obliged to Doctor Loveday, of Williamſcot, near Banbury, the worthy ſon of a worthy father ; the abilities and correſtneſs of the former can be equalled only by the learning and critical acumen of the latter. He begs leave likewiſe to take this opportunity of returning his thanks to his learned and worthy neighbour Mr. Ingram, from whoſe converſation much information and entertainment has been received on many ſubjects.

Mr. Samuel Westley, brother to the celebrated John Westley, had a design of publishing an edition of Hudibras with notes. He applied to Lord Oxford for the use of books in his library, and his lordship wrote him the following obliging answer from Dover Street, August 7, 1734. “ I am
“ very glad you was reduced to read over Hudibras three
“ times with care : I find you are perfectly of my mind, that
“ it much wants notes, and that it will be a great work ;
“ certainly it will be, to do it as it should be. I do not
“ know one so capable of doing it as yourself. I speak this
“ very sincerely. Lilly’s life I have, and any books that
“ I have you shall see, and have the perusal of them, and
“ any other part that I can assist. I own I am very fond
“ of the work, and it would be of excellent use and
“ entertainment.

“ The news you read in the papers of a match with my
“ daughter and the Duke of Portland was completed at
“ Mary-le-bonne chapel,” &c.*

What progress he made in the work, or what became of his notes, I could never learn.

* Extract of a letter from Lord Oxford, taken from original letters by the Reverend John Westley and his friends, illustrative of his early history, published by Joseph Priestley, LL.D. printed at Birmingham, 1791.

The engravings in this edition are chiefly taken from Hogarth's designs, an artist whose genius, in some respects, was congenial to that of our poet, though here he cannot plead the merit of originality, so much as in some other of his works, having borrowed a great deal from the small prints in the duodecimo edition of 1710.*

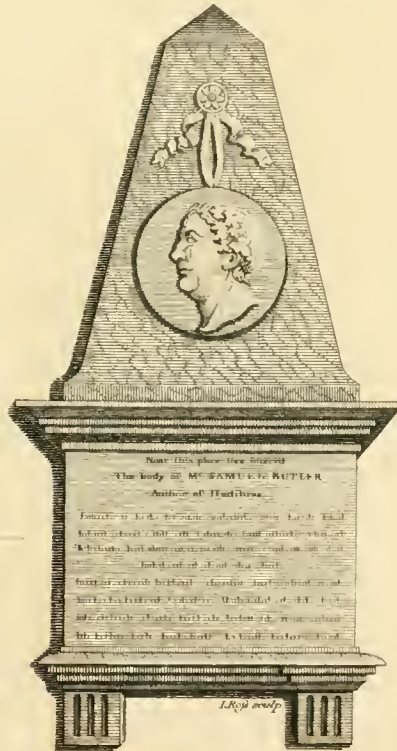
Some plates are added from original designs, and some from drawings by La Guerre, now in my possession, and one print representing Oliver Cromwell's guard-room, from an excellent picture by Dobson, very obligingly communicated by my worthy friend, Robert Bromley, Esq. of Abberley-lodge, in Worcestershire; the picture being seven feet long, and four high, it is difficult to give the likenesses upon so reduced a scale, but the artists have done themselves credit by preserving the characters of each figure, and the features of each face more exactly than could be expected: the picture belonged to Mr. Walfsh the poet, and has always been called Oliver Cromwell's guard-room: the figures are certainly portraits; but I leave it to the critics in that line to find out the originals.

When I first undertook this work, it was designed that the whole should be comprised in two volumes: the first com-

* Hogarth was born in 1698, and the edition of *Hudibras*, with his cuts, published 1726.

prehending the poem, the second the notes, but the thickness of the paper, and size of the type, obliged the binder to divide each volume into two tomes ; this has undesignedly encreased the number of tomes, and the price of the work.*

* Mr. Rollin in his advertifement to the eleventh volume of his ancient history, says,
 “ Ce volume s’est trouvé d’une grosseur si enorme qu’on s’est cru obligé de le diviser pour la
 “ commodité des lectures, & de la couper en deux tomes.”



Butler's Monument

St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

Autograph of Samuel Butler.

*To think how Spenser dy'd how lowly moun'd,
 How Butler's faith & service we're Remind.*

PART I.

FIRST CANTO

The Argument.

*Sir HUDIBRAS his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth ;
His arms and equipage are shewn ;
His horse's virtues and his own.
Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*



H U D I B R A S.

CANTO I.

WHEN civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk, 5
For dame Religion as for Punk;

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore :
When Gospel-Trumpeter, furrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle founded, 10
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

A Wight he was, whose very fight wou'd
Entitle him Mirror of Knight-hood ;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry ;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade : 20
Chief of domestic knights, and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant :
Great on the bench, great in the faddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle :

Mighty he was at both of these, 25
And styl'd of War as well as Peace.
So some rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise, or stout. 30
Some hold the one, and some the other ;
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a tool 35
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool ;
And offer'd to lay wagers, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she wou'd Sir Hudibras : 40
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.

But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such ;
We grant, although he had much wit, 45
H'was very shy of using it ;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do. 50
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeek :
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
Being rich in both, he never scanted 55
His bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either wou'd afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground, 60

He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd ;
And truly so, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

He was in Logic a great critic, 65
Profoundly skill'd in Analytic ;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south, and south-west side ;
On either side he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute ; 70
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a Lord may be an owl ;
A calf an Alderman, a goose a Justice, 75
And rooks Committee-Men, or Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.

All this by fyllogifm true,
In mood and figure, he would do. 80

For Rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope :
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his fpeech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to fthew why, 85
And tell what rules he did it by.
Elfe, when with greateft art he fpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a Rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools. 90
His ordinary rate of fpeech
In loftinefs of found was rich ;
A Babylonifh dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect ;
It was a parti-colour'd drefs 95
Of patch'd and piebald languages :

'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h'had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent, 105
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large.
For he could coin, or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit; 110
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em.

That had the orator, who once 115
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrafe,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In Mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater : 120
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale ;
Resolve, by fines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 125
The clock does strike, by Algebra.

Beside, he was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over :
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b'implicit faith : 130

Whatever Sceptic could enquire for ;
For every WHY he had a WHEREFORE :
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote, 135
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell ; 140
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th'other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts ;
Where entity and quiddity, 145
The ghost of defunct bodies fly ;
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly. 150
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight irrefragable ;
A second Thomas, or at once,
To name them all, another Duns :
Profound in all the nominal, 155
And real ways, beyond them all ;
And, with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand ;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That's empty when the moon is full ; 160
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice ;
As if Divinity had catch'd 165
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;

Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The fores of Faith are cur'd again ; 170
Altho' by woful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the feat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies ;
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it, 175
Below the moon, or else above it :
What Adam dreamt of when his bride
Came from her closet in his side :
Whether the devil tempted her
By an High-Dutch interpreter : 180
If either of them had a navel ;
Who first made music malleable :
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all.

All this without a glos, or comment, 185
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter,
When they throw out, and miss the matter.

For his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit : 190
'Twas Presbyterian, true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant faints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant :
Such as do build their faith upon 195
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows, and knocks ; 200
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly-thorough-Reformation,

Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done :
As if Religion were intended 205
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies :
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss : 210
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way :
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215
By damning those they have no mind to :
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worship'd God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for. 220

Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy 225
That which they love most tenderly ;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend—plumb-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were asfs and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward :
That next of all we shall discuss ;
Then listen, Sirs, it followeth thus : 240
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face ;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile :
The upper part thereof was whey, 245
The nether orange, mixt with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns ;
With grizly type did represent
Declining age of government, 250
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Sampson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue ;

Tho' it contributed its own fall, 255
To wait upon the public downfall:
It was canonic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow:
Of rule as fullen and severe
As that of rigid Cordeliere: 260
'Twas bound to suffer persecution
And martyrdom with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state:
In whose defiance it was worn, 265
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd:
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy should last; 270
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,

And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state ;
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters 275
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever ;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow. 280
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech :
But when the date of Nock was out, 285
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather burthen, shew'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load.
For as Æneas bore his fire
Upon his shoulders thro' the fire, 290

Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back :
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore 295
A paunch of the same bulk before :
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords ; 300
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cup-board where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff, 305
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for *his* use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen; 310
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece
Of amunition-bread and cheefe,
And fat black-puddings, proper food 315
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice,
The ammunition to surprize : 320
And when he put a hand but in
The one or th'other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood ;
And till th'were storm'd and beaten out, 325
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt ;

And tho' knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough defarts vast,
And regions desolate, they past, 303
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record :
Which made some confidently write, 335
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false : for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd. 340
Tho' 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk-hose :
In which he carry'd as much meat,
As he and all his knights could eat,

When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress;
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come. 350

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets, 355
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty, 360
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.

The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancor of its edge had felt :
For of the lower end two handful 365
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts, 370
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder :
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.

 This sword a dagger had, his page, 375
That was but little for his age :
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging : 380

When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheefe or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care :
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth :
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this, and more, it did endure ;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done, on the same score. 390

In th' holsters, at the faddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent, 395
To forage when the cocks were bent ;
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood sentinel, 400
To guard the magazine i' th' hofe,
From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, fet forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force, 405
He got on th' outside of his horse :
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T'his saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe. 410
But after many strains and heaves,
He got upon the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' feat,
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over 415
With his own weight, but did recover,

By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed, 420

It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.

The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one, 425

As most agree, though some say none.

He was well stay'd, and in his gait,
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.

At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt : 430

And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground :

That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,

Was not by half so tender-hooft, 435
Nor trod upon the ground so soft :
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up :
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
Would often do, to set him down. 440
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back :
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides shew'd 445
Like furrows he himself had plow'd :
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flurt ; 450
Still as his tender side he prickt,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt ;

For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of's horse, 455
The other would not hang an arse.

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one : 460
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so, if not, plain Raph ;
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
An equal stock of wit and valour 465
He had laid in, by birth a taylor.
The mighty Tyrian queen that gain'd,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir ; 470

From him descended cros-legg'd knights ;
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had, as well 475
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind, 480
And he another way came by't ;
Some call it GIFTS, and some NEW LIGHT.
A lib'ral art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token, 485
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—to and from my love—it lookt.

He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth ; 490
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too.
For saints themselves will sometimes be, 495
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd snuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle ; 500
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way :
Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark-lanthorn of the spirit, 505
Which none see by but those that bear it;

A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by :
An ignis fatuus, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches, 510
To make them dip themselves, and found
For Christendom in dirty pond ;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires, and plays upon 515
The nose of faint, like bag-pipe drone,
And speaks through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear. 520
So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
Into small poets song infuse ;
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Thro' reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.

Thus Ralph became infallible, 525
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair ;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.

For mystic learning wondrous able
In magic talifman, and cabal, 530
Whose primitive tradition reaches,
As far as Adam's first green breeches :
Deep-fighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences ;
And much of terra incognita, 535
Th' intelligible world could say ;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd : 540
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood ;

Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm :
In Rosycrucian lore as learned, 545
As he that vere adeptus earned :
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words :
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean ; 550
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry Rope—and Walk, Knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise ; 555
For, dropt in blear, thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.
By help of these, as he possesse,
He had first matter seen undrest : 560

He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The chaos too he had descry'd,
And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd :
Not that of pasteboard, which men shew 565
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew ;
But its great grandfire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble : 570
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet-play.
He could foretel whats'ever was,
By consequence, to come to pass :
As death of great men, alterations, 575
Diseases, battles, inundations :
All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done

By INWARD LIGHT, a way as good,
And easy to be understood : 580
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like knights o' th' post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge ;
As if they were consenting to 585
All mischief in the world men do :
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below ; 590
Examine Venus and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble and a spoon ;
And tho' they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods :

They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke ;
Make Mercury confes, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies :
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,
Cast the nativity o' th' question, 605
And from positions to be guest on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs : 610
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine :
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What made them cuckolds, poor, or rich ;

What gains, or lofes, hangs, or faves, 615
What makes men great, what fools, or knaves;
But not what wife, for only of thofe
The ftars, they fay, cannot difpofe,
No more than can the aftrologians:
There they fay right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other courfe, of which we fpoke.

Thus was th' accomplifh'd fquire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge per'lous fhrewd:
Never did trusty fquire with knight, 625
Or knight with fquire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours too, were of a rate,
And out they fally'd at the gate. 630
Few miles on horfeback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged;

For they a sad adventure met,
Of which we now prepare to treat :
But ere we venture to unfold 635
Achievements so resolv'd, and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some muse ;
However critics count it sillier,
Than jugglers talking t' a familiar : 640
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus we do accost :—

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, 645
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it were in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write ;
Who, as we find in fullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits, 650

With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penn'd
By himself, or wit-infusing friend ;
The itch of picture in the front, 655
With bays, and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill
To make men scribble without skill ;
Canst make a poet, spite of fate,
And teach all people to translate ; 660
Though out of languages, in which
They understand no part of speech ;
Assist me but this once, I'mpleore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town, 665
To those that dwell therein well-known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader ;

For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood. 670
To this town people did repair
On days of market, or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour ;
But now a sport more formidable 675
Had rak'd together village rabble :
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call bear-baiting ;
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize ; 680
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemæan game ;
Others derive it from the bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make 685
A circle, like a bear at stake,

That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout :
For after solemn proclamation,
In the bear's name, as is the fashion, 690
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms,
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear ;
If any yet be so fool-hardy, 695
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground, 700
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.

This to prevent, and other harms, 705
Which always wait on feats of arms,
For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way.
Thither the Knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear, 710
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In conscience, and commission too ;
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire :—

We that are wisely mounted higher
Than constables in curule wit, 715
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators, should foresee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended mischiefs farther than
Low proletarian tithing-men : 720
And therefore being informed by bruit,
That dog and bear are to dispute,

For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same ;
For where he first does hap to be, 725
The last does coincidere.

Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save th' expence of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty, and accommodation, 730
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.

Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake 735
For cov'nant, and the cause's sake ?
But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs ?
This feud, by Jesuits invented,
By evil counsel is fomented ; 740

There is a Machiavilian plot,
Tho' ev'ry nare olfact it not,
And deep design in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother, 745
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies plus fatis,
That cane et angue pejus hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause? 750
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How faints lead brothers by the nose.
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet, 755
But sure some mischief will come of it,
Unless by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.

For what design, what interest,
Can beast have to encounter beast? 760
They fight for no espoused cause,
Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
Nor for a thorough reformation,
Nor covenant, nor protestation,
Nor liberty of consciences, 765
Nor lords' and commons' ordinances;
Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor evil counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the king; 770
Nor for the worship of us men,
Tho' we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
Their faith made fierce and zealous war.
Others ador'd a rat, and some 775
For that church suffer'd martyrdom.

The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant, and monkey's tooth ;
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out mordicus to death ; 780
But no beast ever was so flight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They had more wit, alas ! and know
Themselves and us better than so :
But we who only do infuse 785
The rage in them like boute-feus,
'Tis our example that instils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all the year, and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.

We read, in Nero's time, the Heathen, 795
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears ;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichristian game. 800

To this, quoth Ralpho, verily
The point seems very plain to me ;
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name ; the word bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating ;
For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record ;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin ;
And so is, secondly, the thing : 810
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than

Provincial, claffic, national;
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous ;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatfoe'er
The thing be, whether dog or bear,
It is idolatrous and pagan,
No lefs than worshipping of dagon.

815

820

Quoth Hudibras, I fmell a rat ;
Ralpho, thou doft prevaricate :
For tho' the thefis which thou lay'ft
Be true, ad amuffim, as thou fay'ft ;
For the bear-baiting fhould appear,
Jure divino, lawfuller
Than fynods are, thou doft deny,
Totidem verbis—fo do I ;
Yet there's a fallacy in this ;
For if by fly homæofis,

825

830

Thou wouldst sophistically imply
Both are unlawful—I deny.

And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel-times, as lawful as is 835
Provincial, or parochial classis;
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as fin,
That, put 'em in a bag and shake 'em,
Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em, 840
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness;
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much, 845
But art not able to keep touch.

Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage ;
Thou canst at best but overstrain
A paradox, and th' own hot brain ; 850
For what can synods have at all
With bear that's analogical ?
Or what relation has debating
Of church-affairs with bear-baiting ?
A just comparifon ftill is 855
Of things ejufdem generis :
And then what genus rightly doth
Include, and comprehend them both ?
If animal, both of us may
As juftly pafs for bears as they ; 860
For we are animals no lefs,
Altho' of diff'rent fpeciefes.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the cafe :

For now the field is not far off, 865
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute :
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words ; 870
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess, and conduct adequate
To what our place, and fame doth promise,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless 875
W'are flurr'd and outed by success ;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can always hit :
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w'are steer'd by fate, 880
Which in success oft' disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.

Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions ;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth 885
Events still equal to their worth ;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out ; 890
Which, tho' they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example ;
We're not the only persons durst
Attempt this province, nor the first.

In northern clime a val'rous knight 895
Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
And wound a fiddler : we have both
Of these the objects of our wrath,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt, or victory to come. 900

'Tis fung, there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land, yclep'd ———
To whom we have been oft' compar'd
For person, parts, addrefs, and beard ;
Both equally reputed stout, 905
And in the fame cause both have fought :
He oft', in fuch attempts as thefe,
Came off with glory and fuccefs :
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal refolution. 910
Honour is, like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on ;
With ent'ring manfully, and urging ;
Not flow approaches, like a virgin.

This faid, as once the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with rufty steel did finite
His Trojan horfe, and juft as much
He mended pace upon the touch ;

But from his empty stomach groan'd,
Just as that hollow beast did found, 920
And, angry, answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.

So have I seen, with armed heel,
A Wight bestride a Commonweal,
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd, 925
The less the fullen jade has stirr'd.



PART I.

SECOND CANTO.

The Argument.

*The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight :
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*





Part 1. Canto 2. Line 861.

H U D I B R A S.

CANTO II.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting, and of love.
Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all but love and battles?

O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean in what concerns just fight. 10
Certes, our Authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
Like those that do a whole street raze, 15
To build another in the place ;
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man, 20
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine taylors :
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,

If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit 25
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd:
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But, as for our part, we shall tell 35
The naked truth of what befel,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to troth;
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each a due desert, 40
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.

This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but authors having not 45
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
That is to say, whether tollutation,
As they do term't, or succussion,
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how ; 50
Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
Mysterious light it was a trot :
But let that pass ; they now begun
To spur their living engines on :
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls, 55
The learned hold, are animals ;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry,
And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britains were from Penguins. 60

So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champaign
Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;
The dire Pharfalian plain, where battle 65
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren ;
Who now began to take the field,
As knight from ridge of steed beheld. 70
For, as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much farther off, much farther he
Rais'd on his aged beast, could see ;
Yet not sufficient to descry 75
All postures of the enemy :
Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,
T' observe their numbers, and their order,

That when their motions they had known,
He might know how to fit his own. 80
Mean-while he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed :
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward ;
Courage and steel, both of great force, 85
Prepar'd for better, or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle ;
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free 's blade from retentive scabbard ; 90
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck :
Then shook himself, to see what prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose ;
And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot, 95
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,

Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.

The Squire advanc'd with greater speed
Than could b'expected from his steed ; 100
But far more in returning made ;
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble, 105
Crowdero march'd expert and able.
Instead of trumpet, and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar ; 110
For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat ?
A squeaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-east side,

Just where the hangman does dispose, 115
To special friends, the fatal noose :
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but fouse to chitterlings: 120
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden ;
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.
His grisly beard was long and thick, 125
With which he strung his fiddlestick ;
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth; 130
And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his beard.

In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth :
Where bulls do choose the boldest king, 135
And ruler o'er the men of string,
As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd;
He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down, 140
And wounded sore : his leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak ;
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt,
Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place, tho' the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orfin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war ;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion bear. 150

With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
The warrior to the lifts he led;
With solemn march, and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face;
Grave as the emperor of Pegu, 155
Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge, or for retreat:
Knew when t'engage his bear pell-mell,
And when to bring him off as well. 160
So lawyers, left the bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breathe awhile, and then 165
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,

That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray; 170
Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
In military garden Paris :
For soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens, just as weeds do now,
Until some splayfoot politicians 175
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,
For licensing a new invention
They' ad found out of an antique engin,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In public gardens, at a blow, 180
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done ! quoth Statesmen : Yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo : 185
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.

A drum ! quoth Phœbus, Troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new :
But tho' of voice and instrument
We are, 'tis true, chief president, 190
We such loud music do n't profess,
The devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass ; if't be a drum,
He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.
To him apply yourselves, and he 195
Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
They'ad better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin ; 200
That which so oft' by sundry writers,
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this
Than any other warrior, viz.

None ever acted both parts bolder, 205
Both of a chieftain and a foldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendor and antiquity,
And from celestial origine,
Deriv'd himself in a right line ; 210
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore,
Made Jupiter himself, and others 215
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
Of which old Homer first made lampoons ;
Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor ; 220
From whom his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name :

Learn'd he was in med'c'nal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would folder;
By skilful chymist, with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten post;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense; 230
Tho' by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when slovens do amiss
At others' doors, by stool or piss,
The learned write, a red-hot spit 235
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure. 240

Thus virtuous Orfin was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude
Incomparable ; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far, 245
Than half a hundred men of war ;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, cou'd kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim, 250
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle de la guerre
Of rough, impenetrable fur ;
And in his nose, like Indian king, 255
He wore, for ornament, a ring ;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;

Armed, as heralds cant, and languid,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged: 260
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth,
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was, by birth, some authors write, 265
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there. 270
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermine ;
And, when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws :
And tho' his countrymen, the Huns, 275
Did stew their meat between their bums

And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And ev'ry man ate up his saddle ;
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when't came in's way. 280
He had trac'd countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller,
Who writes, he 'spous'd in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies, 285
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orfin oft' had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a fav'd citizen ; the one 290
To guard his bear, the other fought
To aid his dog ; both made more stout
By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood ;

But Talgol, mortal foe to cows, 295
Never got aught of him but blows ;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought ; 300
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil ;
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless had made ;
He many a boar, and huge dun cow 305
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow ;
But Guy, with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd :
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixot ; 310
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,

Subdu'd; as poets fay, long ago,
Bold Sir George Saint George did the dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Tho' stor'd with deletery med'cines,
Which whosoever took is dead since,
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he ; 320
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred ;
And is, like others, glorious when 325
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean :
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred, with vile bungling. 330

Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame ;
Yet, when with Orfin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't :
Yet he was fierce as forest boar, 335
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist ; 340
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through 't.
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen head ;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art, 345
As English Merlin, for his heart ;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.

He cou'd transform himself to colour,
As like the devil as a collier ; 350
As like as hypocrites in show
Are to true faints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :
The cannon, blunderbuss, and faker, 355
He was th' inventor of, and maker :
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop, a breach. 360
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half wou'd thrust, the other strike ;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright 365
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout, and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall:
Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him 370
In ev'ry adventure h'undertook,
And never him, or it forfook:
At breach of wall, or hedge surprize,
She shar'd i' th' hazard, and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage, 375
Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
And tho' some critics here cry shame,
And say our authors are to blame, 380
That, spight of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears,

And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stout'st dame 385
To swear by Hercules his name;
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride; 390
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gundibert, but he had grace, 395
And rather took a country lass:
They say 'tis false, without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose: 400

Strip nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen 't, 405
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print ;
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'st; 410
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong :
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side :
Ill has he read, that never hit 415
On him in muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That thro' a bull-hide shield would pierce,

And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
Was comrade in the ten years' war :
For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes, 425
For well-sol'd boots no less than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion; 430
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote :
But preaching was his chiefest talent, 435
Or argument, in which being valiant,

He us'd to lay about, and stickle,
Like ram or bull at conventicle :
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.

Laft Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal ftar ;
Right expert in command of horfe,
But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago 445
Was faid, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this :
He and his horfe were of a piece :
One fpirit did inform them both,
The felf-fame vigour, fury, wroth ; 450
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had the harder heart,
Altho' his horfe had been of thofe
That fed on man's flefh, as fame goes :

Strange food for horse ! and yet, alas ! 455

It may be true, for flesh is grass.

Sturdy he was, and no less able

Than Hercules to cleanse a stable ;

As great a drover, and as great

A critic too, in hog or neat. 460

He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,

Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother,

And provender, wherewith to feed

Himself and his less cruel steed.

It was a question whether he, 465

Or 's horse, were of a family

More worshipful ; 'till antiquaries,

After th' ad almost por'd out their eyes,

Did very learnedly decide

The bus'ness on the horse's side, 470

And prov'd not only horse, but cows,

Nay pigs, were of the elder house :

For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral countries round about, 480
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres.
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight 485
For fame and honour, some for fight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd, 490

With Squire and weapons to attack 'em ;
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em :

What rage, O Citizens ! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry ?
What æstrum, what phrenetic mood 495
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud vies your trophies boast,
And, unreveng'd, walks —— ghost ?
What towns, what garrisons might you,
With hazard of this blood, subdue, 500
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray ?
Shall faints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of faints, and let the cause lie fallow ?
The cause, for which we fought and swore 505
So boldly, shall we now give o'er ?

Then, because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The solemn league and covenant
Will seem a mere God-dam-me rant, 510
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the king
Against himself, the self-same thing
Some will not stick to swear we do 515
For God, and for religion too;
For if bear-baiting we allow,
What good can reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought. 520
Are these the fruits o' th' protestation,
The prototype of reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,

When 'twas resolved by their house, 525

Six members' quarrel to espouse?

Did they for this draw down the rabble,

With zeal, and noises formidable;

And make all cries about the town

Join throats to cry the bishops down? 530

Who having round begirt the palace,

As once a month they do the gallows,

As members gave the sign about,

Set up their throats with hideous shout.

When tinkers bawl'd aloud, to settle 535

Church-discipline, for patching kettle.

No sow-gelder did blow his horn

To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform.

The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,

And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop: 540

The mousetrap-men laid fave-alls by,

And 'gainst ev'l counsellors did cry.

Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the church.
Some cry'd the covenant, instead 545
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread :
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the common's house :
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A gospel-preaching-ministry : 550
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No surplices, nor service-book.
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation :
And is this all ? is this the end 555
To which these carr'ings-on did tend ?
Hath public faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
'Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke ;

Did faints for this bring in their plate,
And crowd, as if they came too late?
For when they thought the cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin pifs-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons;
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men, as soon 570
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
Then was the cause all gold and plate,
The brethren's off'rings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 575
The faints fell prostrate, to adore it.
So say the wicked—and will you
Make that farcasmous scandal true,

By running after dogs and bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 580
Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out, and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
I' th' power of gospel-preaching minister?
Have they invented tones, to win 585
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant enveigle the male?
Have they told prov'dence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590
Discover'd th' enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine;
Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the kirk;
Told it the news o' th' last express, 595
And after good or bad success

Made prayers, not so like petitions,
As overtures and propositions,
Such as the army did present
To their creator, the parliament; 600
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the work be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting church and common-weal 605
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the saints were all-a-gog,
And all this for a bear and dog.
The parliament drew up petitions
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions, 610
To well-affected persons down,
In ev'ry city and great town,
With pow'r to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back agen ;

For this did many, many a mile, 615
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that shew'd
As if they to the pillory rode.
Have all these courtes, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all forts, 620
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the cause's service :
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray ?
Shall we, that in the cov'nant swore, 625
Each man of us to run before
Another still in reformation,
Give dogs and bears a dispensation ?
How will dissenting brethren relish it ?
What will malignants say ? videlicet, 630
That each man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest ;

And bid the devil take the hinmost,
Which at this race is like to win most.
They'll say, our bus'ness to reform 635
The church and state is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
T' an unknown church's discipline,
What is it else, but, before hand,
T' engage, and after understand? 640
For when we swore to carry on
The present reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches, best reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow 645
To do, we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches these should be.
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore et cæteras; 650

Or the French league, in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These flanders will be thrown upon
The cause and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong 655
T' exorbitancies fit for Bedlam,
Rather than gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal. 660
In name of king and parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen ;
And to those places straight repair 665
Where your respective dwellings are:
But to that purpose first surrender
The fiddler, as the prime offender,

Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author, and engineer of mischief; 670
That makes division between friends,
For prophane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall, dictum factum, both be brought 675
To condign punishment as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say :
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force. 680
This said, he clapt his hand on 's sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long suppressed
Enflamed wrath in glowing breast,

Which now began to rage and burn as 685
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him : Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in meazled pork was hatched ;
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
On rump of justice as of cow ; 690
How dar'st thou with that fullen luggage
O' thyself, old ir'n and other baggage,
With which thy steeds of bone and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither ;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus 695
T' oppose thy lumber against us ?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou secure from wooden blow,
Thy busy vanity might show ? 700
Was no dispute afoot between
The caterwauling brethren ?

No subtle question rais'd among
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water faints ;
Where thou might'st stickle without hazard
Of outrage, to thy hide and mazzard,
And, not for want of bus'ness, come
To us to be thus troublesome, 710
To interrupt our better fort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse, nor burglary abroad?
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, 715
To tie thee up from breaking loose?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st alledge,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the devil? 720

Did no committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee ;
And set th' a task with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration ;
To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725
All parties, and the common-weal ?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be ;
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither. 730
But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep within his lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones,
And cudgels, to thy hide and bones ;
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st, 735
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.

At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence, at length, these words broke out:

Was I for this entit'led Sir,
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all the pride that makes thee swell 745
As big as thou dost blown-up veal;
Nor all the tricks and flights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age, in tough lean ware, 750
Make natural death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood:

Tho' arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes made to hew down lives,
Shall fave, or help thee to evade
The hand of justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military. 760
Nor shall these words of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
With gantlet blue, and bates white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man at arms defy'd, 770
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.

Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal;
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull;
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder. 780
But Pallas came in shape of rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her gorgon-shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol gath'ring might, 785
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
And he his rusty pistol held,
To take the blow on, like a shield;

The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight. 790
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down, and stunn'd, with mortal stripe :
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack, 795
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back ;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
Courageously he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon. 800
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard its leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again :
And though the sword, some understood, 805
In force, had much the odds of wood ;

'Twas nothing so, both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ft.
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd, 810
Though iron hew, and mangle fore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death ;
While all the rest, amaz'd, stood still, 815
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd, and fretting
Conquest should be so long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow. 820
But Talgol wisely avoided it,
By cunning flight ; for had it hit,
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon, 825
To aid his friend, began to fall on ;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two :
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood ;
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree, and old iron rang ;
While none that saw them could divine,
To which side conquest would incline,
Until Magnano, who did envy 835
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain,
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground, 840
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the root,

He clapp'd them under the horse's tail,
With prickles sharper than a nail ;
The angry beast did straight resent 845
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from smart,
And raging pain, th' afflicted part ; 850
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back ;
And blund'ring still with smarting rump,
He gave the champion's steed a thump
That stagger'd him. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now,
By flight, escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't ;
For catching foe by nearer foot, 860

He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains, if any, out :
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid, 865
And under him the bear convey'd ;
The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight, with all his weight, fell down,
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound :
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt ; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit, 875
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight :

He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout. 880
His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death, he threw the foam.
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him.
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd;
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms;
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy, 890
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the guts, that they,
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895
Should offer such inhuman wrong;

Wrong of unfoldier-like condition ;
For which he flung down his commission,
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'er-threw,
But took none ; for, by hasty flight, 905
He strove t' avoid the conquering Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chac'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way. 910

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,

Though beaten down, and wounded fore
I th' fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone, 915
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swoon: 920
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb,
That hurt in the ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight.
For getting up on stump and huckle, 925
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of crowd and shin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his fiddle underwent. 930

But Ralpho, who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs with sprained crup,
Looking about beheld the bard 935
To charge the Knight intranc'd prepar'd,
He snatch'd his whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
As rats do from a falling house,
To hide itself from rage of blows ; 940
And wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could atchieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once ;
And now 'twas rais'd, to smite agen, 945
When Ralpho thrust himself between ;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm ;

And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
O' th' wooden member such a load, 950
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it prop'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting his bold foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship? 960
And Hudibras, or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail 965
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,

To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras doth fare. 970
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright:
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been 975
To raise the spirits lodg'd within.
They, wakened with the noise, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladdened Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight: quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;

As high, victorious, and great, 985
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have ;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled, 990
All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd cause undertake ;
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale, 995
The gallows, or perpetual jail ;
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches ; 1000
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd :

For tho' success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror ;
Tho' dispensations were not strong 1005
Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;
Altho' outgoings did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term ;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, tho' usurp'd by might, 1010
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain 't ;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites ;
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before ; 1020

For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.

At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous :
He star'd about, and seeing none 1025
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away. 1030
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood :
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high ; this slave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner 1035
Than from your hand to have the honour

Of his destruction ; I that am
So much below in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
Or ill entreat his fiddle or case : 1040
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot ?
Will you employ your conqu'ring sword
To break a fiddle, and your word ?
For tho' I fought, and overcame, 1045
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name :
For great commanders always own
What's prosp'rous by the foldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will ; 1050
And that your will and pow'r have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This pow'r which now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,

Wou'd no more keep the flave in awe, 1055
Than if you were a knight of straw ;
For death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death to you, 1060
'Twere policy, and honour too,
To do as you resolv'd to do :
But, Sir, 't would wrong your valour much,
To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conqu'rors greater glory gain 1065
By foes in triumph led, than slain :
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes : the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame : 1070
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain ;

Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight ;
Wherefore I think it better far 1075
To keep him prisoner of war ;
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be try'd :
Where, if h' appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety ; 1080
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pike ;
Or if his death will save, or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd ;
Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheless 1085
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please ;
This has been often done by some
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom ;
And has by most of us been held
Wise justice, and to some reveal'd : 1090

For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke ;
Like Samson's cuffs, tho' by his own
Direction and advice put on
For if we should fight for the cause 1095
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call just,
The cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak ;
But to the wicked or the weak 1100
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105
Resolv'd to see the business done ;

And therefore charged him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place, and use,
The wooden member to reduce ; 1110
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, 1115
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, while the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The Squire, in state, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore 1120
The trophy-fiddle and the case,
Plac'd on his shoulder like a mace.

The Knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side ;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind, 1125
Like boat, against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite thro' the town they 'ad gone :
At further end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands 1130
Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabrick
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
Of magic made impregnable :
There's neither iron bar nor gate, 1135
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate ;
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide ;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit ; 1140

And yet so foul, that who so is in,
Is to the middle leg in prison ;
In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of subtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough, 1145
Until they 're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, the advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t' imprison hands ; 1150
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater :
For tho' the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough :
And when a circle 'bout the wrist 1155
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 't were ridden post by witch,

At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire
The fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy, place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate, 1165
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet; 1170
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood, they release,
Tho' a delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger he's enlarged;

While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1175
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for 't :
So justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.



I. Rys sculp.

Part 1. Canto 2. Line 1161.

PART I.

THIRD CANTO.

The Argument.

*The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place ; the Knight does sally,
And is made pris'ner : then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in 's place ;
I should have first said Hudibras.*



Part 1. Canto 3. Line 823.

H U D I B R A S.

CANTO III.

AY me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron !
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after claps !
For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,

She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say
I' th' ditty call'd, What if a day ? 10
For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
The field as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop ;
Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase 15
Thanksgiving-day among the churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of diurnal ; 20
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host ;
And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted rout, 25
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
All but the dogs, who, in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory, stood to 't, 30
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat,
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about, 35
As if they meant to stand it out :
For now the half defeated bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat, 40
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about ;
But wisely doubting to hold out,

Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found 45
He 'ad got the advantage of the ground;
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic, 50
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while 55
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune, 60

That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution 65
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
Th' enemy i' th' greatest throng ;
But what cou'd single valour do 70
Against so numerous a foe ?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such ;
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good :
For while one party he oppos'd, 75
His rear was suddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.

For now the mastives, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come ; 80
While manfully himself he bore,
And, setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself to shew how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd 85
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms. 90
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell ; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about ;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps, 95
Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas ! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
To rescue him had not been quick : 100
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker 105
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report, was got among
The foremost of the martial throng ;
Where pitying the vanquish'd bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near, 110
Viewing the bloody fight ; to whom,
Shall we, quoth she, stand still hum-drum,
And see stout bruin, all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown ?

Such feats already he 'as atchiev'd, 115
In story not to be believ'd,
And t' would to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would, quoth he, venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him ; 120
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late :
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground ;
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run. 130
Mean-while th' approach'd th' place where bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin :

The conqu'ring foe they soon affail'd;
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their mastives loos'd their hold : 135
And yet, alas ! do what they could,
The worsted bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before :
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound, 140
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the pagan heel ;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial 145
Encounter lost a leathern parcel ;
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear, which in ducatoons
Is half the coin, in battle par'd
Close to his head, so bruin far'd ; 150

But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd :
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.
But gentle Trulla into th' ring 155
He wore in 's nose convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made ; 160
Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream :
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song, 165
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.

They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader, and the rest.

170

For Orfin, who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fights, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot,
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the chase,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind ;
Griev'd to behold his bear pursu'd
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers, of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret :

175

180

185

He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear ;
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound 190
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets' splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their ruthless stories,
To answer to interrogatories,
And most unconscionably depose 195
To things of which she nothing knows ;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my—Echo, *ruin*. 200
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
For fear. Quoth Echo, *Marry guep*.
Am not I here to take thy part ?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart ?

Have these bones rattled, and this head 205

So often in thy quarrel bled?

Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,

For thy dear sake. Quoth she, *Mum budget.*

Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish

Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, *Pish.* 210

To run from those th' hadst overcome

Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum.*

But what a-vengeance makes thee fly

From me too, as thine enemy?

Or, if thou hast no thought of me, 215

Nor what I have endur'd for thee,

Yet shame and honour might prevail

To keep thee thus from turning tail:

For who would grutch to spend his blood in

His honour's cause? Quoth she, *a Puddin.* 220

This said, his grief to anger turn'd,

Which in his manly stomach burn'd;

Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.

He vow'd the authors of his woe 225

Should equal vengeance undergo ;

And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd and his bear.

This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed

And rage, he hasted to proceed 230

To action straight, and giving o'er

To search for bruin any more.

He went in quest of Hudibras,

To find him out, where'er he was :

And if he were above ground, vow'd 235

He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on

This resolute adventure gone,

When he encounter'd with that crew

Whom Hudibras did late subdue. 240

Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.

'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,

And Talgol, foe to Hudibras ;

Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout, 245

And resolute, as ever fought ;

Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke :

Shall we, quoth he, thus basely brook

The vile affront that paltry as,

And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras, 250

With that more paltry ragamuffin,

Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,

Have put upon us, like tame cattle,

As if th' had routed us in battle ?

For my part, it shall ne'er be said 255

I for the washing gave my head :

Nor did I turn my back for fear

Of them, but losing of my bear,

Which now I'm like to undergo ;
For whether these fell wounds, or no, 260
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel ;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out 265
That caus'd it, as I shall no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk,
I'll make them rue their handiwork,
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard. 270

Quoth Cerdon, noble Orfin, th' haſt
Great reaſon to do as thou ſay'ſt,
And ſo has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou haſt, or thy bear :
Others may do as they ſee good ;
But if this twig be made of wood

That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mungrel vermine, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280
Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,
Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill ;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift ;
And having brought him bravely off, 285
Have left him where he's safe enough :
There let him rest ; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design, 290
And forthwith put themselves, in search
Of Hudibras, upon their march :
Where leave we them awhile, to tell
What the victorious Knight befell ;

For such, Crowdero being fast 295
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd 300
Unto a neighb'ring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneasy pang 305
Of ev'ry honourable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful midwife dress'd,
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain : he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort, 310
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure-land,

For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels,
Drew home his bow, and aiming right, 315
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall him in the purtenance:
But time had somewhat 'fwag'd his pain,
After he had found his suit in vain: 320
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in 's belly like a coal,
—That belly that so oft' did ake,
And suffer griping for her fake,
Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs 325
Had almost brought him off his legs,—
Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
That old *Pyg*—what d' y' call him—*malion*,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one. 330

She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad ;
She could love none but only such 335
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady ;
Not love, if any lov'd her : ha-day !
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight. 340
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the found.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back-way, like a witch's prayer.
Mean while the Knight had no small task 345
To compass what he durst not ask :
He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
Her ignorance is his devotion :

Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed ; 350
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move ;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and looks another way,
Until he seize upon the coney ; 355
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain : her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour born ; 360
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her disdain
Turn'd to regret so resolute, 365
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,

And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in fight.
This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done, 370
But being brought so nigh by fate,
The vict'ry he atchiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu'd hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win 375
His dame too, now his hand was in ;
And that his valour, and the honour
He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her :
These reasons made his mouth to water,
With am'rous longings, to be at her. 380

Thought he, unto himself, who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?

If nothing can oppugne love, 385
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'st valour too, and wit,
Two things that feldom fail to hit. 390
Valour's a moufe-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft' are taken in :
Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror ?
Fortune the audacious doth juvare, 395
But lets the timidous miscarry :
Then, while the honour thou haft got
Is fpick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst beft,
And trust thy fortune with the reft. 400
Such thoughts as thefe the Knight did keep
More than his bangs, or fleas, from fleep ;

And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes, 405
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch ;
So from his couch the Knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart; 410
Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse !
And 'twas but time ; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd 415
Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,
And had the avenues all possess'd,
About the place, from east to west.

That done, awhile they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t' assault : 420

Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege, or onslaught, to invest
The enemy ; and 't was agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely fort 425
They now drew up t' attack the fort ;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gate's adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430
Whether dame fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger,
That foresight might, or might not, blot 435
The glory he had newly got ;
Or to his shame it might be fed,
They took him napping in his bed :

To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in sciences profound.

440

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When fetting ope the postern gate,
To take the field and fally at,
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold knight,
Surpris'd with th' unexpected fight :
The bruises of his bones and flesh
He thought began to smart afresh ;
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage,
And thus he spoke : The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears
As if they had outrun their fears ;

445

450

455

The glory we did lately get,
The fates command us to repeat ;
And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom. 460
This is the same numeric crew
Which we so lately did subdue ;
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageously did wield 465
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory : and when
We shall our shining blades agen
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads. 470
Fear is an ague, that forfakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes ;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows, they felt to-day, again.

Then let us boldly charge them home, 475
And make no doubt to overcome.

 This faid, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress' name,
His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ; 480
And placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use ; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying fympathetic speed 485
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

 Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows : 490

When Orfin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho ; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal ;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd, 495
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which faints, twice dipt, are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire ; 500
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd :
He wisely doubting lest the shot
O' th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close, 505
To come, pell-mell, to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;

But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher ; 510
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
When Fortune, as she's wont, turn'd fickle, 515
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her Goodyship,
To give so near a friend the flip.
For Colon, choosing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon 520
His manly paunch, with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his feat : and, as a goose 525
In death contracts his talons close,

So did the Knight, and with one claw
The tricker of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras, 530
In all its feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best,
So now he far'd: the shot let fly,
At random, 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing 535
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
Who straight, A surgeon cry'd—a surgeon!
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murder! Murder! Murder! yell. 540
This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won, the second time, the fight;

As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545
He had inevitably done:
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his wound, forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten. 550
For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 't was hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of death 555
Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When th' hard disaster of the knight,
And th' other party, did divert
And force their fullen rage to part. 560
Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,

Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up ; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run :
For if but half so well you knew
To use your vict'ry as subdue, 570
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now ;
But, from so formidable a foldier,
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft :
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet y' have had, to get the day. 580

Thus spoke the stout Squire ; but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.

His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue ;
To which he answer'd, Cruel fate 585

Tells me thy counsel comes too late,
The clotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end. 590

I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit ;
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound, 595

Or trivial basting, to despond :
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail ;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,

Or that we 'd time enough as yet
To make an hon'rabl retreat, 600
'Twere the best courſe ; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind
For them to ſeize on, the diſhonour,
And danger too, is ſuch, I'll ſooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter, 605
To let them ſee I am no ſtarter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat :
For thoſe that run away, and fly,
Take place at leaſt o' th' enemy. 610
This ſaid, the Squire, with active ſpeed,
Diſmounted from his bony ſteed
To ſeize the arms, which by miſchance
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.
Theſe being found out, and reſtor'd 615
To Hudibras, their natural lord,

The active Squire, with might and main,
Prepar'd in haste to mount again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft;
But by his weighty bum, as oft 620
He was pull'd back; 'till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast, 625
When Orfin, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot, 630
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold

Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally, 635
The enemy begin to rally :
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th' assault, 640
Striving the enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover 645
His feat, and cast his right leg over ;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run, 650
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout King Richard, on his back ;

'Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse 655
The sparkles of his wonted prowess ;
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd. 660
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Enflam'd him with despightful ire ;
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out,
And now had half-way bent the cock, 665
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm :
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed. 670

The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a limb,
But Orfin came and rescu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight 675
Upon his quarters opposite.
But as a bark, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruise'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to : 680
'So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;
'Till Orfin charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd 685
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And raising up himself on stirrup,

Cry'd out, victoria! lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another, 690
To bear thee company in death:
But first I'll halt awhile, and breathe.
As well he might: for Orfin griev'd
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore, 695
And cure the hurt he made before.
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about,
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest. 700
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at Orfin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already 705
Unto the part apply'd remedy;

And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
Then, like a warrior, right expert
And skilful in the martial art, 710
The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then, in order, to retire ;
Or, as occasion should invite, 715
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
Though forely bruis'd ; his limbs all o'er,
With ruthless bangs were stiff and fore ; 720
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone ;
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he, and call'd him by his name,

Courage, the day at length is ours, 725
And we once more as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won,
The foe is profligate, and run :
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home; 730
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two vict'ries in a day,
As I have done, that can say, twice I, 735
In one day, *veni, vidi, vici*.
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*,
And they perire, and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow. 740
Then, lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,

Get up, and mount thy steed ; dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were 745
In case for action, now be here ;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 750
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength : unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey 755
To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not, quoth Hudibras :
We read, the ancients held it was

More honourable far fervare
Civem, than flay an adverfary ; 760
The one we oft' to-day have done,
The other fhall difpatch anon :
And tho' th' art of a diff'rent church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This faid, he jogg'd his good fteed nigher, 765
And fteer'd him gently toward the Squire;
Then bowing down his body, ftretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd ;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightning behind. 770
She had been long in fearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out ;
But could find none, nor where the fhot
That had fo startled him was got :
But having found the worft was paff, 775
She fell to her own work at laft,

The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was hers ;
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew 780
To succour him ; for, as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yield, scoundrel base, quoth she, or die ;
Thy life is mine, and liberty :
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll wave my title to thy flesh, 790
Thy arms and baggage, now my right :
And if thou hast the heart to try 't,

I'll lend thee back thyself awhile,
And once more, for that carcase vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras, 795
Thou offer'ft nobly, valiant lafs,
And I fhall take thee at thy word.
First let me rife, and take my fword;
That fword, which has fo oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way, 800
And fome to other worlds difpatch'd,
Now with a feeble fpinfter match'd,
Will blufh with blood ignoble ftain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this, 805
Confider, while thou may'ft, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's courfe,
B' oppofing fuch a trivial force.
For if with conqueft I come off,
And that I fhall do fure enough, 810

Quarter thou can'st not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in such a case ;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn, quoth she, thou coxcomb silly,
Clapping her hand upon her breech, 815
To shew how much she priz'd his speech,
Quarter or counsel from a foe :
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head, 820
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and prest so home, 825
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.

Stand to 't, quoth she, or yield to mercy,
It is not fighting arsie-versie
Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in, 830
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came ;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm 835
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them ; 840
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of ; for now
The Knight, with one dead-doing blow,

Resolving to decide the fight, 845
And she with quick and cunning flight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground :
No sooner she th' advantage found, 850
But in she flew ; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his trunk astride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace, and quarter now ?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword ? 860
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole.

And when before the fight, th' hadst vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood ;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar, 865
To make m' against my will take quarter;
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?

Quoth Hudibras, the day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down: 870
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow :
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou needst not brand it with a scoff :
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own, 875
But cannot blur my lost renown :
I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illustr'ous
For being benign, and not blust'rous 880

Against a vanquish'd foe : their fwords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words ;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Altho' thou hast deserv'd, 885
Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory ;
Yet I should rather act a part
That suits my fame, than thy desert. 890
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that 's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw ;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more, 895
Tho' doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat or stipulate ;
What thou command'st I must obey ;
Yet those whom I expugn'd to-day, 900
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both dogs and bear, upon their parol,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they 905
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me ; but was 't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too ?
Crowdero, whom in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound, 910
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret :

But now thy carcase shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange'd for him.

 This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet:
Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting, 920
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back:
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers, 925
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers,
Just so the proud, insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight disperst, 930
Arriv'd, when Trulla 'd won the day,
To share in th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide,
With vengeance to be satisfy'd ;
Which now they were about to pour 935
Upon him, in a wooden show'r :
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word ;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, should make that quarter good.
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero cast 945
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,

Where to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans ;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place. 950

This stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which toward Hudibras was hasting.
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had atchiev'd in fight,
She should dispose of how she pleas'd ; 955
Crowdero ought to be releas'd :
Nor could that any way be done
So well, as this she pitch'd upon :
For who a better could imagine ?
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in. 960
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses.

Orfin led Hudibras's beast, 965
And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ush'ring Trulla, in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner. 970
In this proud order and array,
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted Castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed than shows, 975
And triumphs over conquer'd foes,
Do use t' allow; or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order, foldier-like contriv'd: 980
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.

The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And, bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about 985
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter :
For he was skilful in black art,
No less than he that built the fort, 990
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground :
Him they release from durance base, 995
Restor'd t' his fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious veng'ance to assuage ;
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge, 1000

And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire, where he was shut ;
Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow 1005
Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow,
In the same order and array,
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away :
But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To fortune, or be said to droop, 1010
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.

Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *fui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels, 1015
What e'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free ;

But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equanimities. 1020
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes ; who is not said, 1025
For aught that ever I could read,
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.
The ancients make two sev'ral kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds, 1030
The active and the passive valiant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant ;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are *equi-necessary* :
But in defeats, the passive stout 1035
Are always found to stand it out

Most desp'rately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe :
Tho' we with blacks and blues are fuggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd ; 1040
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can lose no honour by 't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant : 'tis a chattel 1045
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of Honour lain,
He that is beaten may be fed
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed. 1050
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright ;

So valour, in a low estate, 1055
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may, by being beaten, grow;
But none that see how here we fit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060
As gifted brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination, can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough 1065
Know you to charge, but not draw off.
For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having subdu'd a bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof: 1070
A politic exploit, right fit
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon ;
When thou at any thing would'st rail, 1075
Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale
To take the height on 't, and explain
To what degree it is profane.
What s'ever will not with thy—what d' ye call—
Thy light—jump right, thou call'st synodical.
As if Presbytery were a standard
To size what s'ever 's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my beard wast bold to say,
That thou could'st prove bear-baiting equal
With synods, orthodox and legal ?
Do, if thou can'st, for I deny 't,
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do, 1090

That has but any guts in's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains;
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens, 1095
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport.
For prolocutor, scribe, and bearward,
Do differ only in a mere word. 1100
Both are but sev'ral synagogues
Of carnal men, and bears, and dogs:
Both antichristian assemblies,
To mischief bent, as far's in them lies:
Both stave and tail with fierce contests, 1105
The one with men, the other beasts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;

And that they bait but bears in this,
In th' other souls and consciences; 1110
Where saints themselves are brought to stake
For gospel-light and conscience fake;
Expos'd to scribes and presbyters,
Instead of mastiff dogs and curs;
Than whom th' have less humanity, 1115
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of church-rule, in this latter age: 1120
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the pope's bull.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine; so do they.
What are their orders, constitutions, 1125
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,

But sev'ral mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake?
And then set heathen officers,
Instead of dogs, about their ears. 1130
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heav'n to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose;
To set what characters they please, 1135
And mulcts on sin or godliness;
Reduce the church to gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;
To make presbytery supreme,
And kings themselves submit to them; 1140
And force all people, tho' against
Their consciences, to turn faints;
Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When faints monopolists are made:

When pious frauds, and holy shifts, 1145
Are dispensations, and gifts ;
There godliness becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion, 1150
And growing up, became the fires
Of scribes, commissioners, and triers ;
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning flight,
To cast a figure for men's light ;
To find, in lines of beard and face, 1155
The physiognomy of grace ;
And by the sound and twang of nose,
If all be found within disclose,
Free from a crack, or flaw of sinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing ; 1160
By black caps, underlaid with white,
Give certain guesses at inward light ;

Which serjeants at the gospel wear,
To make the sp'ritual calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck, 1165
—Canonical cravat of fineck,
From whom the institution came,
When church and state they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of spiritual warfaring-men,— 1170
Judge rightly if regeneration
Be of the newest cut in fashion:
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety consists in pride; 1175
To rule is to be sanctify'd:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
Of church-rule, and by right divine. 1180

Bell and the Dragons chaplains were
More moderate than those by far :
For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat ;
But these will not be fobb'd off so, 118.5
They must have wealth and power too ;
Or else, with blood and desolation,
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive
And heathen priesthood do derive, 1190
When butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and presbyters of kirks ;
Whose directory was to kill ;
And some believe it is so still.
The only difference is, that then 1195
They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
For them to sacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,

They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200
Presbytery does but translate
The papacy to a free state,
A common-wealth of popery,
Where ev'ry village is a fee
As well as Rome, and must maintain 1205
A tithe-pig metropolitan ;
Where every presbyter, and deacon,
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon ;
And ev'ry hamlet 's governed
By 's holiness, the church's head, 1210
More haughty and severe in 's place
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such church must, surely, be a monster
With many heads: for if we consider
What in th' Apocalypse we find, 1215
According to th' Apostles' mind,

'Tis that the whore of Babylon,
With many heads, did ride upon;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe
Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe. 1220

Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot
Is of a mungrel, divers kind, 1225
Cleric before, and lay behind;
A lawless linsley-woolsley brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water; 1230
That always preys on grace, or sin;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief

And manners; can pronounce a faint 1235
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts,
Through coarsest boulder, others gifts.
For all men live, and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his. 1240
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk,
Whose pastors are but th' handiwork
Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1245
Divinity in them by feeling.
From whence they start up chosen vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.
So cardinals, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new-made pope. 1250

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, Soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,

Festina lente, not too fast ;
For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255
Are false, and built upon mistake:
And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back ;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood. 1260
I'll force you, by right ratiocination,
To leave your vitiligation,
And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue dialecticōs.

The question then, to state it first, 1265
Is, which is better, or which worst,
Synods or bears. Bears I avow
To be the worst, and synods thou.
But, to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'st th' are really all one. 1270

If so, not worst; for if th' are idem,
Why then, tantundem dat tantidem.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same, 1275
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are animalia,
I grant, but not rationalia :
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find ; 1280
And can no more make bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That fynods are bear-gardens too,
Thou dost affirm ; but I say, No :
And thus I prove it, in a word, 1285
What s'ever assembly's not impow'r'd
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
Can be no fynod : but Bear-garden

Has no fuch pow'r, ergo 'tis none;
And fo thy fophiftry's o'erthrown. 1290

But yet we are befide the queftion
Which thou didft raife the firft conteft on:
For that was, Whether bears are better
Than fynod-men? I fay, Negatur.
That bears are beafts, and fynods men, 1295
Is held by all: they're better then;
For bears and dogs on four legs go,
As beafts; but fynod-men on two.
'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that fynod-men have tails: 1300
Or that a rugged, fhaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of prefbyter;
Or that his fnout and fpacious ears
Do hold proportion with a bear's.
A bear's a favage beaft, of all 1305
Moft ugly and unnatural,

Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lick't it into shape and frame :
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever synod-man was lick't, 1310
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense ; that is,
Thou would'st have presbyters to go 1315
For bears and dogs, and bearwards too ;
A strange chimera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces het'rogene ;
Such as in nature never met,
In eodem subjecto yet. 1320
Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,
That do but beg ; and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.

Much thou hast said, which I know when, 1325
And where thou stol'st from other men ;
Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts ;
And is the same that Ranter said,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head, 1330
And tore a handful of my beard ;
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out ;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then, 1335
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce ;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain ; 1340
A trade of knowledge as replete,
As others are with fraud and cheat ;

An art t' incumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit ;
Makes light unactive, dull and troubled, 1345
Like little David in Saul's doublet :
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own ;
A sort of error to enſconce
Abſurdity and ignorance, 1350
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious, and abſtruſe,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplex'd, and intricate :
For nothing goes for ſenſe or light 1355
That will not with old rules jump right,
As if rules were not in the ſchools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.

This pagan, heatheniſh invention
Is good for nothing but contention. 1360

For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light:
So when men argue, the great'st part
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365
And then they fall to th' argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
Out-run the constable at last;
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere disparata, that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning;
Two things s' averse, they never yet, 1375
But in thy rambling fancy, met:
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by ratiocination,

Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in : therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toil.



Part I. Canto 3. Line 963.

PART II.

FIRST CANTO.

The Argument.

*The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,
The last unhappy expedition,
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers : yet, on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.*



H U D I B R A S.

CANTO I.

BUT now, t' observe romantique method,
Let rusty steel awhile be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breathe awhile :

In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of preface.

Is 't not enough to make one strange,
That some men's fancies should ne'er change,
But make all people do and say
The same things still the self-same way?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:
Others make all their knights, in fits 15
Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
They're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaisters off their sores; 20
As cripples do to get an alms,
Just so do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;

Make former times shake hands with latter, 25
And that which was before, come after;
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time. 30

But we forget in what sad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into safe custody.
Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin, 35
As well as basting and bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low, 40
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend:

In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guests.

There is a tall long-sided dame— 45
But wond'rous light—ycleped Fame,
That like a thinameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words ;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears, 50
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist :
With these she thro' the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft' lies ;
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons, 55
And Mercuries of furthest regions ;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom: 60

About her neck a paquet-male,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to-bed :
Of hail-stones big as pullets eggs, 65
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs :
A blazing star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.
Two trumpets she does found at once,
But both of clean contrary tones ; 70
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not ; only this can tell,
Th' one sounds vilely, th' other well,
And therefore vulgar authors name 75
The one good, th' other evil fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well,
What mischief Hudibras befel ;

And straight the spightful tidings bears,
Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears. 80
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals with stately pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump ;
As she laugh'd out, until her back, 85
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the fight,
And visit the distressed Knight,
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour ; 90
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks,
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood 95
And usher, implements abroad

Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,
To find the Knight in limbo pent : 100
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and his stout Squire in the pound;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together :
For as he sat upon his rump, 105
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl ; 110
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place ;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink and goggle like an owl ; 120
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the dame accosted him :

This place, quoth she, they say 's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted ;
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd :
Look, there are two of them appear
Like persons I have seen somewhere :
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts, 130
With faucer-eyes, and horns ; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum :

But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted, 135
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted.
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if't had lately been in combat,
It did belong t' a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by 't. 140

When Hudibras the lady heard
To take kind notice of his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour
Both of the beard, and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to set as good 145
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' identique beard you knew,
The same numerically true: 150

Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers, 155
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast,
In notions vulgarly exprest:
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass? 160

Quoth he, the fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, those need not be ashamed 165
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,

Tho' yours be forely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn 170
Than if't were prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd.
And cut square by the Russian standard.
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat, about your shoulders, 175
Does not so well become a soldier's ;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Altho' i' th' rear, your beard the van led ;
And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ake, 180
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory fet, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, this thing call'd pain,
Is, as the learned Stoics maintain,
Not bad simpliciter, nor good, 185
But merely as 'tis understood.

Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross phænomenas,
In which it oft' mistakes the case. 190
But since th' immortal intellect,
That 's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same,
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose 195
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure ;
And just so far are fore and griev'd,
As by the fancy is believ'd. 200
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight ;
Others, tho' wounded fore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.

A Saxon duke did grow so fat, 205
That mice, as histories relate,
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling ;
Then how is 't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick ? 210

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain,
For one that's basted to feel pain ;
Because the pangs his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the cure ;
Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage 215
With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, that honour's very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish :
For what's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars ? 220
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow ;

Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neats-leather :
And yet have met, after long running, 225
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,
I' th' end does prove th' nearest home ;
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruised with wood, or fists, 230
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltrons :
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They 're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow ; 235
Our princes worship, with a blow :
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or potentate 's to be restor'd, 240

And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he 's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly ;
That done, he rises, humbly bows, 245
And gives thanks for the princely blows ;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten foldier proves most manful,
That, like his sword, endures the anvil, 250
And justly 's found so formidable,
The more his valour 's malleable :
But he that bears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow :
And though I'm now in durance fast, 255
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worse than by the en'my us'd ;

In close catasta shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope ; 260
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend ;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches ;
I'll make this low dejected fate 265
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, you've almost made m' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights :
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More foll'wers than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave, 275
What glories must a whipping have ?

Such great atchievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail :
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of passive courage were so gallant, 280
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and strok'd his beard ;
Thought he, this is the lucky hour, 285
Wines work when vines are in the flower :
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the quest'on.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out, 290
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit,
And magnanimity, I bear it ;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you :

And if I fail in love or troth, 295

Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning ftagers

Say, fools for arguments use wagers.

And though I prais'd your valour, yet

I did not mean to baulk your wit, 300

Which, if you have, you must needs know

What, I have told you before now,

And you b' experiment have prov'd,

I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'tis a caprich 305

Beyond th' infliction of a witch ;

So cheats to play with those still aim,

That do not understand the game.

Love in your heart as idly burns,

As fire in antique Roman urns, 310

To warm the dead, and vainly light

Those only, that see nothing by 't.

Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again ?
As no man can draw in his breath 315
At once, and force out air beneath ?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch ?
What fate can lay a greater curse,
Than you upon yourself would force ; 320
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye :
For what does make it ravishment, 325
But b'ing against the mind's consent ?
A rape, that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us ? 330

But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fantastic way,
Why should you not, at least, allow
Those that love you, to do so too :
For, as you fly me, and pursue 335
Love more averse, so I do you :
And am, by your own doctrine, taught
To practise what you call a fault.

Quoth she, If what you say be true,
You must fly me, as I do you ; 340
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In love, and preaching, that must sway.

Quoth he, to bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up, 345
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hickup :
Command me to piss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.

Love's power 's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood. 350
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hec't'ring kill-cow Hercules ;
Reduc'd his leager-lions' skin
T' a petticoat, and made him spin :
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle 355
T' a feeble distaff, and a spindle.
'Twas he made emperors gallants
To their own sisters, and their aunts ;
Set popes and cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog ; 360
'Twas he that gave our senate purges,
And flux'd the house of many a burges ;
Made those that represent the nation
Submit, and suffer amputation :
And all the grandees o' th' cabal, 365
Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall.

He mounted fynod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-lane, and little Sodom ;
Made 'em corvet, like Spanifh jenets,
And take the ring at madam — 370
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to ;
In cold and frofty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of fnow ;
And though fhe were of rigid temper, 375
With melting flames accoft and tempt her :
Which, after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth fhe, if love have thefe effects,
Why is it not forbid our fex ? 380
Why is 't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked ?
And fong, as out of tune, againft,
As Turk and Pope are by the faints ?

I find, I've greater reason for it, 385
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, these sad effects
Spring from your heathenish neglects
Of love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns ; 390
And those who worthy lovers flight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite ;
This made the beauteous queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet ;
And from her greatness stoop so low, 395
To be the rival of a cow.

Others, to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweet-hearts.
Some with the dev'l himself in league grow,
By 's representative a negro ; 400
'Twas this made vestal-maids love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick.

Some, by their fathers and their brothers,
To be made mistresses, and mothers :
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405
On lacquies, and varlets-des-chambres ;
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms,
To flight the world, and to disparage
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, these judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, there is a weighty reason, 415
For secrecy in love as treason.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That in the windore-eye does steal in
To rob the heart, and, with his prey,
Steals out again a closer way, 420

Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure, as he deserves, to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which footy chymists stop in holes, 425
When out of wood they extract coles ;
So lovers should their passions choke, .
That tho' they burn, they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beasts backwards into 's hole ;
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal 435
What you intrust me under seal .
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary, Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose : 440
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else :
Tho' love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense,
The real substance of the shadow, 445
Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way ;
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow ; 450
With the one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat :
It is all philtres and high diet, 455
That makes love rampant, and fly out :

'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore :
'Tis that which by the sun and moon,
At their own weapons are out-done: 460
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances :
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call :
For what is worth in any thing, 465
But so much money as 't will bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own ;
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh? 470
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second-hand ;
And such you are: nor is 't your person
My stomach 's set so sharp and fierce on;

But 'tis your better part, your riches, 475
That my enamour'd heart bewitches :
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please ;
Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock-passion, speech or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or swooning,
But hanging of yourself, or drowning ;
Your only way with me to break 485
Your mind, is breaking of your neck :
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like ninepins, they strike others down ;
So that wou'd break my heart ; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own. 490
These are but trifles ; ev'ry lover
Will damn himself over and over,

And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake :
Yet th' are the only ways to prove 495
Th' unfeign'd realities of love ;
For he that hangs, or beats out 's brains,
The devil 's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, this way 's too rough
For mere experiment and proof ; 500
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or plunge in water,
And, like a water-witch, try love ;
That 's to destroy, and not to prove :
As if a man should be dissected, 505
To find what part is disaffected :
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover ;
Trust is a trial ; if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck : 510

Befide, th' experiment 's more certain,
Men venture necks to gain a fortune ;
The foldier does it every day,
Eight to the week, for fixpence pay :
Your pettifoggers damn their fouls, 515
To fhare with knaves in cheating fools :
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns for gain.
This is the way I advife you to,
Trust me, and fee what I will do. 520

Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loth to run
Myſelf all th' hazard, and you none ;
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome deed
Of your's aforeſaid do precede ;
Give but yourſelf one gentle ſwing, 525
For trial, and I'll cut the ſtring :
Or give that reverend head a maul,
Or two or three, againſt a wall ;

To shew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myself to fettle. 530

Quoth he, my head's not made of brass,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was ;
Nor, like the Indian's scull, so tough,
That, Authors say, 'twas musket-proof :
As it had need to be to enter, 535
As yet, on any new adventure ;
You see what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd :
But if that 's all you stand upon,
Here, strike me luck, it shall be done. 540

Quoth she, the matter's not so far gone
As you suppose, two words t' a bargain ;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof :
And yet, 'tis no fantastic pike, 545
I have to love, nor coy dislike ;

'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person :
But, a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love ; 550
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, my faith as adamantine,
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain ;
True as Apollo ever spoke, 555
Or oracle from heart of oak ;
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and the other Pigfney, 560
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love, or you, shake off my heart :
The sun that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence ;

I'll carve your name on barks of trees, 565
With true love-knots, and flourishes ;
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing :
Drink every letter on 't in stum,
And make it brisk Champaign become ; 570
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet ;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;
Nature her charter shall renew, 575
And take all lives of things from you ;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our loves shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to outlive ; 580
And like to herald's moons, remain
All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir knight, you take your aim amiss;
For you will find it a hard chapter, 585
To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your mastery of art
Doth shew itself, and not your heart ;
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroic fustion : 590
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon ;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than that on which they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive, 595
T' embalm her cruelly alive ;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their haut-gouts, boullies, or ragouts;
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill, 600

Until the facet doublet doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth ;
Her mouth compar'd t' an oyſter's, with
A row of pearl in't, 'ſtead of teeth ;
Others make poſies of her cheeks, 605
Where red, and whiteſt colours mix ;
In which the lily and the roſe,
For Indian lake and ceruſe goes.
The ſun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclipſ'd and darken'd in the ſkies ; 610
Are but black patches that ſhe wears,
Cut into ſuns, and moons, and ſtars,
By which aſtrologers, as well
As thoſe in heav'n above, can tell
What ſtrange events they do foreſhow, 615
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the muſic of the ſpheres,
So loud, it deafens mortal ears ;

As wise philosophers have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not. 620
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose ;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they fung.
That have the hard fate to write best, 625
Of those that still deserve it least;
It matters not, how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst ;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head, 630
Whether it be the swan or goose
They level at : so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip,
Both of their sound and rotten sheep :
For wits that carry low or wide, 635
Must be aim'd higher, or beside

The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should chuse
This way t' attack me with your muse, 640
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With fulhams of poetic fiction :
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score ;
For hard dry bastings use to prove 645
The readiest remedies of love,
Next a dry diet; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,
In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock : 650
Wedlock, that 's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog.

Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655
That, for a bruis'd or broken pate,
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow :
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage ; 660
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance ;
Level at beauty and at wit ;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand 665
In that already, with your command ;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation meet ?

Quoth she, what does a match imply,
But likeness and equality ? 670
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yokefellow of your wit ;

Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts ;
A grace which, if I cou'd believe, 675
I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd ; I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner, 680
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists :
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors, 685
As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you ;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away, or sell ? 690

Buyers, you know, are bid beware ;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spur'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof, 695
A sorrel mane ? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' are sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for ?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day, 700
Ere I can own you, here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye 're fought, you may be found ;
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, it stands me much upon 705
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself, by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.

Lofs of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of lofs of beard, 710
That does, like embryo in the womb,
Abortive on the chin become :
This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament :
Semiramis of Babylon, 715
Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of fow-geldering operation :
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either ? 720
Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
Quoth she, that nothing will avail ;
For some philosophers of late here, 725
Write men have four legs by nature,

And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two ;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood ; 730
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
'Till you explain yourself, and show 735
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, if you'll join issue on't,
I'll give you fat'sfact'ry account ;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse. 740

That never shall be done, quoth she,
To one that wants a tail, by me ;
For tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament ;

And tho' the vulgar count them homely; 745
In men or beast they are so comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one :
And 'till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane, 750
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death ;
Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than your's, on any other terms.

Quoth he, what nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word ; 760
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one ;

I mean, by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion ;
But since ye 've yet deny'd to give 765
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel ;
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter ; 770
And by discharge, or mainprize, grant
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,
And if I knew which way to do 't, 775
Your honour safe, I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knights have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it too, laid in, 780

Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oaths, and honour too ;
For what are they renown'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels ?
But for a lady, no ways errant, 785
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France ;
And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak, 790
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course,
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs :
Which if I could consent unto, 795
It is not in my pow'r to do ;
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony ;

Which always has been us'd t' untie
The charms of those who here do lie ; 800
For as the ancients heretofore
To honour's temple had no door,
But that which thorough virtue's lay ;
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honour's freedom, but by passing 805
That other virtuous school of lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lifts,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists ;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance : 810
Whipping, that's virtue's governess,
Tutrefs of arts and sciences ;
That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
And puts new life into dull matter ;
That lays foundation for renown, 815
And all the honours of the gown :

This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with hon'able discharge ;
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials, 820
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of every town ;
And, all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now if you'll venture for my sake, 825
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer, as the rest have done,
The laying of a whipping on,
And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do 't, 830
I here engage to be your bail,
And free you from th' unknightly jail :
But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,

Bring me, on oath, a fair account, 835
And honour too, when you have don't ;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By destiny, why not whipping too? 840
What medicine else can cure the fits
Of lovers, when they lose their wits ?
Love is a boy by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grannum,
The sea, his mother Venus came on ;
And hence some rev'rend men approve
Of rosemary in making love.
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs, 850

Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood;
With comely movement, and by art,
Raife passion in a lady's heart?

It is an easier way to make 855

Love by, than that which many take.

Who would not rather suffer whipping,
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbin?

Make wicked verses, traits, and faces,
And spell names over with beer-glasses? 860

Be under vows to hang and die

Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?

With China-oranges and tarts,

And whining-plays, lay baits for hearts?

Bribe chambermaids with love and money, 865

To break no roguish jests upon ye?

For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,

With painted perfumes, hazard noses?

Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lanthorn? 870
All this you may compound for now,
By suff'ring what I offer you ;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long ago.
Did not the great La Mancha do so 875
For the Infanta Del Toboso ?
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
Himself a slave for Misse's fake,
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ? 880
Was not young Florio sent, to cool
His flames for Biancafiore, to school,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her fake suffer martyrdom ?
Did not a certain lady whip, 885
Of late, her husband's own lordship ?

And, tho' a grandee of the house,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;
Ty'd him stark-naked to a bed-post,
And fir'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post ; 890
And after in the sessions court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for 't ?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll fet you from th' enchanted den,
And the magician circle, clear. 895

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never see you mine.

Amen, quoth she, then turn'd about,
And bid her squire let him out. 900
But ere an artist could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes.

The moon pull'd off her veil of light, 905
That hides her face by day from sight,
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade,
And in the night as freely shone,
As if her rays had been her own : 910
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd, 915
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn
His whipping penance till the morn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance, in the dark, 920

With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't i' th' open face of day ;
And in the mean time go in quest
Of next retreat, to take his rest.

924

*Part 2. Canto 1. Line 176.*

PART II.

SECOND CANTO.

The Argument.

*The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight ;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*



H U D I B R A S.

CANTO II.

'TIS strange how some men's tempers fuit,
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt.
That keep their conſciences in caſes,
As fiddlers do their crowds and baſes,

Ne'er to be us'd but when they 're bent
To play a fit for argument.

Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust ;

10

Dispute and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White or Tully.

So th' ancient Stoics in the porch,

15

With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,

To prove that virtue is a body,

That bonum is an animal,

Made good with stout polemic brawl :

20

In which some hundreds on the place

Were slain outright, and many a face

Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,

To maintain what their sect averr'd.

All which the knight and squire in wrath, 25
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith ;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.

The fun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap, 30
And like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn ;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching
'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking,
Began to rouse his drowsy eyes, 35
And from his couch prepar'd to rise ;
Resolving to dispatch the deed
He vow'd to do with trusty speed :
But first, with knocking loud and bawling,
He rous'd the squire, in truckle lolling ; 40

And after many circumstances,
Which vulgar authors in romances,
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description,
They got, with much ado, to horse, 45
And to the castle bent their course,
In which he to the dame before
To suffer whipping-duty swore :
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest, 50
He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said ;
Whether it be direct infringing 55
An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear ;

Or whether 't be a lesser fin
To be forsworn, than act the thing, 60
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
T' inform my conscience, be discuss;
In which to err a little, may
To errors infinite make way :
And therefore I desire to know 65
Thy judgment, ere we farther go.

Quoth Ralpho, since you do injoin 't,
I shall enlarge upon the point ;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out. 70
But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light ;
And thus 'tis, whether 't be a sin,
To claw and curry our own skin,
Greater or less than to forbear, 75
And that you are forsworn forswear.

But first, o' th' first : The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing : 80
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a spiritual mystique sense ;
Which to mistake, and make them squabble,
In literal fray 's abominable ;
'Tis heathenish, in frequent use, 85
With pagans and apostate jews,
To offer sacrifice of bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols ;
And mungrel christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes, 90
And call the foul abomination,
Contrition and mortification.
Is 't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked,
With sinful members of the wicked ;

Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95
Profan'd, and curry'd back and side ;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And heathen stripes, by their example ?
Which, were there nothing to forbid it,
Is impious, because they did it : 100
This therefore may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now to the second ;
That faints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear on occasion,
I doubt not; but it will appear 105
With pregnant light : the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind ;
Too feeble implements to bind ;
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do. 110
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit.

Although your church be opposite
To ours, as Black Friars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant 115
You are a Reformado faint ;
And what the faints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to :
But faints, whom oaths or vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege ; 120
Farther, I mean, than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own :
For if the devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth ; why the faints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie, 125
I think there 's little reason why :
Else h' has a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
We 're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear ; 130

But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain.
For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A faint-like virtue ; and from hence 135
Some have broke oaths by Providence :
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word :
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late apostles' acts is. 140
Was not the cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on ?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke ?
Did we not bring our oaths in first, 145
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of church and war ?

Did not our worthies of the house,
Before they broke the peace, break vows? 150
For having freed us first from both
Th' alleg'ance and suprem'cy oath;
Did they not next compel the nation
To take, and break the protestation?
To swear, and after to recant, 155
The solemn league and covenant?
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
Did they not swear, at first, to fight
For the king's safety, and his right? 160
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and foot?
And yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die 165
With Essex, and straight laid him by?

If that were all, for some have sworn
As false as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain law,
In which that swearing made a flaw? 170
For protestant religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow?
For privilege of parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?
And since, of all the three, not one 175
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did not they swear, in express words,
To prop and back the house of lords?
And after turn'd out the whole house-full
Of peers, as dang'rous and unuseful. 180
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the commons out o' th' house;
Vow'd that the red-coats would disband,
Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;

And troll'd them on, and fwore and fwore,
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.

This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and fwearing go for nought;
And that by them th' were only meant
To ferve for an expedient.

190

What was the public faith found out for,
But to flur men of what they fought for?

The public faith, which ev'ry one

Is bound t' obferve, yet kept by none;

And if that go for nothing, why

195

Should private faith have fuch a tie?

Oaths were not purpos'd more than law,

To keep the good and juft in awe,

But to confine the bad and finful,

Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.

200

A faint's of th' heav'nly realm a peer;

And as no peer is bound to fwear,

But on the gospel of his honour,
Of which he may dispose as owner,
It follows, tho' the thing be forgery, 205
And false, th' affirm it is no perjury,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the book. 210
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They 're but commissions of course,
And faints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em as they please ;
Or misinterpret them by private 215
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege ?
Quakers, that like to lanthorns, bear
Their light within them, will not swear ; 220

Their gospel is an accidence,
By which they construe conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head,
The head and founder of their order, 225
That stirring hats held worse than murder;
These thinking they're oblig'd to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath;
Like mules, who if th' ve not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock still; 230
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born consciences may do,
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil:
For faints may do the same things by 235
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do;

And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the faints and wicked vary. 240
For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea's exprest;
So in the wicked there's no vice,
Of which the faints have not a spice;
And yet that thing that's pious in 245
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is't not ridiculous, and nonsense,
A faint should be a slave to conscience?
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above ordinances? 250
She's of the wicked, as I guess,
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:
And tho', like constables, we search
For false wares one another's church;
Yet all of us hold this for true, 255
No faith is to the wicked due.

For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal fwine.

Quoth Hudibras, all this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew 260
Those mysteries and revelations ;
And therefore topical evasions
Of subtle turns, and shifts of sense,
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,
Such as the learned jesuits use, 265
And presbyterians, for excuse
Against the protestants, when th' happen
To find their churches taken napping :
As thus : a breach of oath is duple,
And either way admits a scruple, 270
And may be, ex parte of the maker,
More criminal than the injur'd taker ;
For he that strains too for a vow,
Will break it, like an o'erbent bow :

And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 275

Not he that for convenience took it.

A broken oath is, quatenus oath,

As found t' all purposes of troth,

As broken laws are ne'er the worse,

Nay, 'till they 're broken, have no force. 280

What 's justice to a man, or laws,

That never comes within their claws?

They have no pow'r, but to admonish;

Cannot control, coerce, or punish,

Until they 're broken, and then touch 285

Those only that do make them such.

Beside, no engagement is allow'd,

By men in prison made, for good;

For when they 're set at liberty,

They 're from th' engagement too set free. 290

The rabbins write, when any jew

Did make to god or man a vow,

Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard ;
Any three other jews o' th' nation, 295
Might free him from the obligation :
And have not two saints pow'r to use
A greater privilege than three jews ?
The court of conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and sovereign, 300
Is 't fit should be subordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,
And have less power than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure ?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or 305
Allow'd, at fancy of pie-powder ?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing ex officio ?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd at vis. franc. pledge ? 310

Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance :
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half full ;
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift, 315
To help itself at a dead lift ?
Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation ?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return ? 320
And make as nice distinctions serve
To split a case, as those that carve,
Invoking cuckolds names, hit joints ?
Why should not tricks as slight, do points ?
Is not th' high court of justice sworn 325
To judge that law that serves their turn ?
Make their own jealousies high treason,
And fix them whomfoe'er they please on ?

Cannot the learned counfel there
Make laws in any fhape appear? 330
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to deftroy ;
And vex them into any form
That fits their purpofe to do harm ?
Rack them until they do confefs, 335
Impeach of treafon whom they please,
And moft perfidioufly condemn
Thofe that engag'd their lives for them ?
And yet do nothing in their own fenfe,
But what they ought by oath and confcience.
Can they not juggle, and with flight
Conveyance play with wrong and right ;
And fell their blafts of wind as dear,
As Lapland witches bottl'd air ?
Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge, 345
The fame cafe fev'ral ways adjudge ?

As seamen, with the self-same gale,
Will sev'ral different courses fail ;
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds, 350
Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in ;
So when tyrannical usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land that were intended 355
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in chanc'ry ev'ry man swear
What makes best for him in his answer ?
Is not the winding up witnesses,
And nicking, more than half the bus'ness ? 360
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're fet, too fast or slow ;
And where in conscience they're strait lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.

Do not your juries give their verdict 365
As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?
And as they please make matter o' fact
Run all on one side as they 're packt ?
Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within doors ; 370
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd,
In other matters, do him hurt 375
I think there's little reason for 't.
He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it :
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made ? 380
These reasons may perhaps look odly
To th' wicked, tho' they evince the godly ;

But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glassy bubble, 385
That finds philosophers such trouble ;
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, honour's but a word,
To swear by only in a lord : 390
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof ;
That like a wen, looks big and swells,
Insefeless, and just nothing else.

Let it, quoth he, be what it will, 395
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run
The flightest hazard, they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt ; 400

And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Tho' nice and dark the point appear,
Quoth Ralph, it may hold up and clear.

That finners may supply the place 405
Of suff'ring faints, is a plain case.

Justice gives sentence, many times,
On one man for another's crimes.

Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse, 410

And hang the guiltless in their stead;
Of whom the churches have less need.

As lately 't happen'd : in a town
There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use, 415

And mend men's lives as well as shoes.

This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,

Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel, 420
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining forely of the breach
Of league, held forth by brother Patch,
Against the articles in force 425
Between both churches, his and ours ;
For which he crav'd the faints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender :
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade, 430
A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,
Resolv'd to spare him ; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did 435
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid :

Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
And in your room another whip'd?
For all philosophers, but the sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic. 440

It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the case;
And canst, in conscience, not refuse,
From thy own doctrine, to raise use:
I know thou wilt not, for my sake, 445
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward fellow a ferking;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stop'd. 450

Quoth Ralpho, you mistake the matter,
For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.

As no man of his own self catches 455
The itch, or amorous French aches ;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins :
And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense : 460
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and popish,
For one man out of his own skin
To frisk and whip another's sin ;
As pedants out of schoolboys' breeches 465
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain ;
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it. 470

Quoth Hudibras, that's answer'd soon ;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, that you may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whip'd you ;
For when with your consent 'tis done, 475
The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, it is in vain,
I see, to argue 'gainst the grain ;
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they 're averse themselves to do : 480
For when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis interest that resolves the doubt :
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty ;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it, 485
As, ere we part, I shall evince it ;
And curry, if you stand out, whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I th' public work, base as thou art ? 490

To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy knight an op'lent spouse,
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th' int'rest of the churches ?
And when he has it in his claws, 495
Will not be hide-bound to the cause :
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou dispatch it without grudging :
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow. 500

Ye 'ad best, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients
Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you, ere you leap ;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap :
And were y' as good as George-a-Green, 505
I should make bold to turn agen ;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, as mine is so.

Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the faints, like bishop Bonner? 510
A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you, not for fear,
But for your own sake, to forbear;
And for the churches, which may chance 515
From hence, to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics,
We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd the army, and cashier'd
All that to legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utensil o' your church, 525
And after left it in the lurch;

A scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with 't, pull'd it down ;
O'er-reach'd your rabbins of the fynod,
And snapp'd their canons with a why-not : 530
Grave fynod-men, that were rever'd
For solid face, and depth of beard,
Their classic model prov'd a maggot,
Their direct'ry an Indian pagod ;
And drown'd their discipline like a kitten, 535
On which they 'ad been so long a fitting ;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date, and obsolete,
And all the faints of the first grafs,
As castling foals of Balaam's afs. 540

At this the knight grew high in chafe,
And staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembl'd, and look'd pale with ire,
Like ashes first, then red as fire.

Have I, quoth he, been ta'en in fight, 545
And for so many moons lain by 't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale ?
Not but they thought me worth a ransom,
Much more confid'able and handsome ; 550
But for their own fakes, and for fear
They were not safe, when I was there ;
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
An upstart sect'ry, and a mungrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours 555
Of our own church, like wens or tumours,
And like a maggot in a fore,
Wou'd that which gave it life devour ;
It never shall be done or said :
With that he seiz'd upon his blade ; 560
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,

With equal readinefs prepar'd,
To draw and ſtand upon his guard ;
When both were parted on the ſudden, 565
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all forts of noiſe had been
Contracted into one loud din ;
Or that ſome member to be choſen,
Had got the odds above a thouſand ; 570
And, by the greatneſs of his noiſe,
Prov'd fitteſt for his country's choice.
This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the knight,
And wrathful ſquire, into a fright ;
And tho' they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal 575
Impetuous rancour to join battle,
Both thought it was the wiſeſt courſe
To wave the fight, and mount to horſe ;
And to ſecure, by ſwift retreating,
Themſelves from danger of worſe beating, 580

Yet neither of them would disparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage ;
Which made them stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear 585
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish different noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whose fullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub: 590
But when the sight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique shew ;
A triumph, that for pomp and state,
Did proudest Romans emulate :
For as the aldermen of Rome 595
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
As some, mistaken, write in story,

Being mounted in their best array,
Upon a car, and who but they? 600
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a good-morrow,
Crying, hey for our town, thro' the borough;
So when this triumph drew so nigh, 605
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat,
In all respects, as this and that:
First he that led the cavalcade
Wore a low-gelder's flagellate, 610
On which he blew as strong a levet,
As well-feed lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge, three ranks at once, like Swedes :
Next pans and kettles of all keys, 615
From trebles down to double-bass ;

And after them upon a nag,
That might pass for a forehand stag,
A cornet rode, and on his staff,
A smock display'd did proudly wave. 620
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling broken-winded tones;
Whose blasts of air in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine 625
In windy-weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630
And busily upon the crowd,
At random round about bestow'd.
Then mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,

Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword 635
He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant ; 640
Near whom the Amazon triumphant,
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on 't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilome overcome ;
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645
Which, as he rode, she made him twist off ;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastis'd the reformado soldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers, and staffiers on foot, 650
With lacquies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages ;

Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago-minx,
That was both madam and a don, 655
Like Nero's Sporus, or pope Joan ;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.
The knight transported, and the squire,
Put up their weapons, and their ire ; 660
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such fights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer, to impart
His animadversions, for his heart.

Quoth he, in all my life till now, 665
I ne'er saw so profane a show ;
It is a paganish invention,
Which heathen writers often mention ;
And he, who made it, had read Goodwin,
I warrant him, and understood him : 670

With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient shows ;
And has observ'd all fit decorums
We find describ'd by old historians :
For, as the Roman conqueror, 675
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him in his chariot ;
So this insulting female brave
Carries behind her here a slave : 680
And as the ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their mantles della guerre,
So her proud standard-bearer here
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor :

And, as in antique triumphs, eggs
Were borne for myftical intrigues ; 690
There 's one, with truncheon like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or adle :
And ftill at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout beftows.

Quoth Ralpho, you miftake the matter ; 695
For all th' antiquity you fmatter
Is but a riding us'd of courfe,
When the grey mare 's the better horfe ;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vaft dominion, 700
And in the caufe impatient Grizzle
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under covert-baron,
To turn her vaffal with a murrain ;
When wives their fexes fhift, like hares, 705
And ride their husbands like night-mares ;

And they, in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels : 710
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense :
'Tis not the least disparagement 715
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force ;
That does not make a man the worse,
Altho' his shoulders, with battoon,
Be claw'd, and cudgell'd to some tune ; 720
A tailor's 'prentice has no hard
Measure, that 's bang'd with a true yard ;
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day ;

Or to furrender ere the affault, 725
That's no man's fortune, but his fault ;
And renders men of honour lefs
Than all th' adverfity of fuccefs ;
And only unto fuch this fhew
Of horns and petticoats is due. 730
There is a leffer profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd ovation :
For as ovation was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood ;
So men decree thofe leffer fhows 735
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of fharp hard words, which fome
Give battle with, and overcome ;
Thefe mounted in a chair-curule,
Which moderns call a cucking-ftool, 740
March proudly to the river's fide,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride ;

Like dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic sea to wed ;
And have a gentler wife than those 745
For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are heathenish, and come
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the saints should be withstood,
As antichristian and lewd ; 750
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

 This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot thro' the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and still preft 755
'Till they approach'd him breast to breast :
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence ; which obtain'd,

What means, quoth he, this devil's proceſſion
With men of orthodox profeſſion ? 760
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
From heatheniſm deriv'd to us.
Does not the whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her horned beaſt aſtride,
Like this proud dame, who either is 765
A type of her, or ſhe of this ?
Are things of ſuperſtitious function,
Fit to be us'd in goſpel ſunſhine ?
It is an antichriſtian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of popery ; 770
A running after ſelf-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To ſcandalize that ſex for ſcolding,
To whom the ſaints are ſo beholden.
Women, who were our firſt apoſtles, 775
Without whoſe aid w' had all been loſt elſe ;

Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the cause might be concern'd ;
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols : 780
Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,
To take the faints and church's parts ;
Drew several gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
And fix'd them constant to the party, 785
With motives powerful and hearty :
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver ; 790
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for parliament ;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow-puddings many a meal :

Enabled them, with store of meat, 795
On controverted points to eat ;
And cramm'd them 'till their guts did ake,
With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause at London ? 800
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
T' intrench the city for defence in :
Rais'd rampires with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands ;
From ladies down to oyfter-wenches 805
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fell to their pick-axes, and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles ?
Have not the handmaids of the city
Chose of their members a committee, 810
For raising of a common purse,
Out of their wages, to raise horse ?

And do they not as triers fit,
To judge what officers are fit ?
Have they—at that an egg let fly, 815
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, befmeared,
With orange-tawny slime, his beard ;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view. 820
Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other side a load,
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully,
In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The knight was startled with the smell, 825
And for his sword began to feel ;
And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link,
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole ; 830

And straight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho, o'er the eyes, a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring ;
Thro' which they quickly broke their way, 835
And brought them off from further fray ;
And tho' disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his feat :
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes ;
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to 't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After they 'ad paus'd a while, supplying 845
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for actions or discourse :

Quoth he, that man is sure to lose
That fouls his hands with dirty foes : 850
For where no honour 's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd :
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With so dishon'rabable a foe :
For tho' the law of arms doth bar 855
The use of venom'd shot in war,
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
Their case-shot favours strong of poison ;
And, doubtless, have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath ; 860
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not giv'n us such a brush :
But as those poltroons that fling durt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
So all the honour they have won, 865
Or we have lost, is much at one.

'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave retreat, without pursuit ;
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in triumph led ; 870
Than which the ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, being destin'd to assert 875
Her sex's honour, reach her heart :
And as such homely treats, they say,
Portend good fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
Was destin'd to the empire for't ; 880
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome :
And why may not this foul address
Prefage in love the same success ?

Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds ;
And after, as we first design'd,
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd. 888

Or man's life more unfortunate.

But if this bold adventure e'er

Do chance to reach the widow's ear,

It may, being destin'd to assert

875

Her sex's honour, reach her heart :

And as such homely treats, they say,

Portend good fortune, so this may.

Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,

Was destin'd to the empire for 't ;

880

And from a scavenger did come

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